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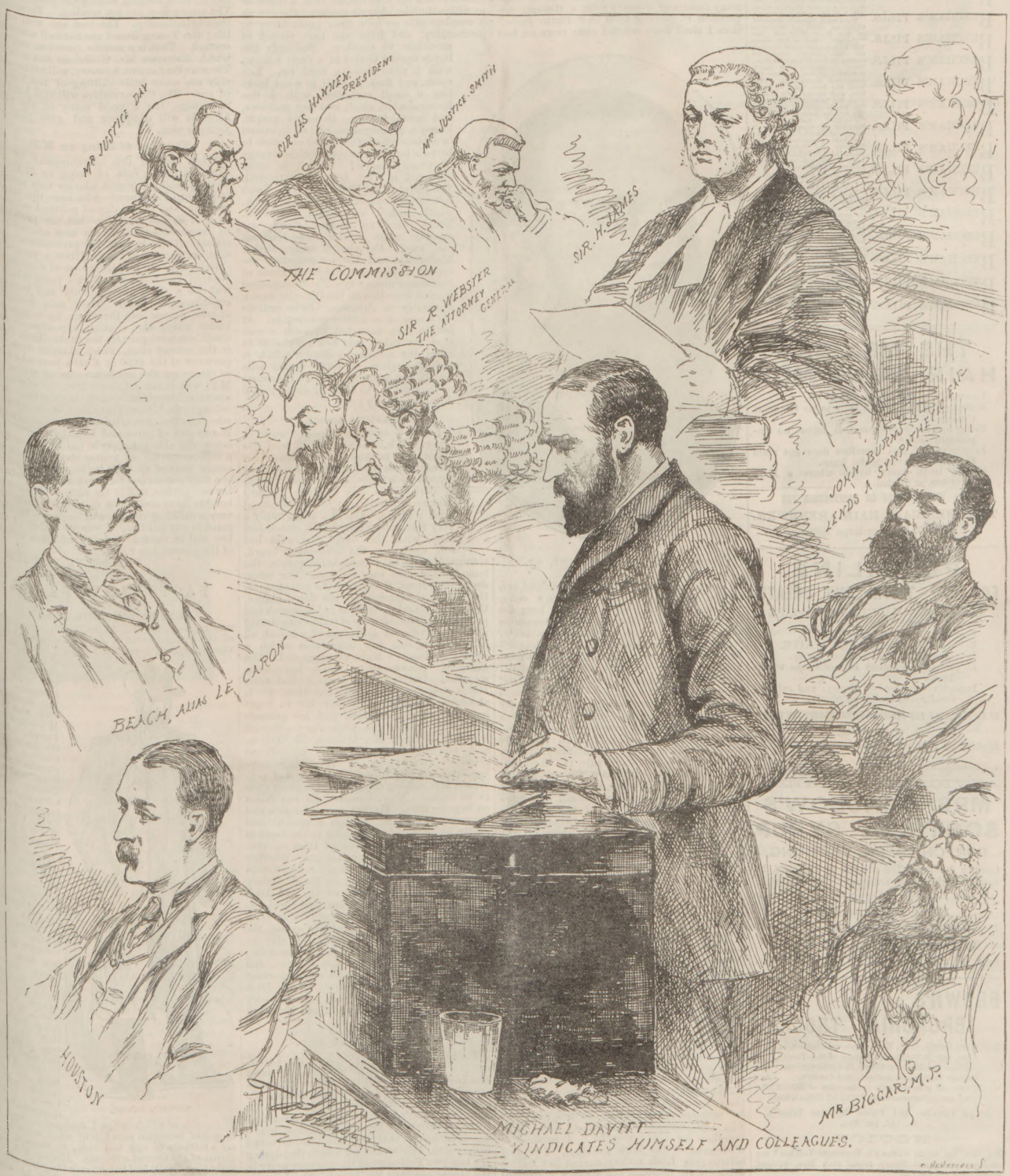

RESUMPTION OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION IN LONDON: MICHAEL DAVITT DEFENDING HIMSELF: AND SIR HENRY JAMES READY TO REPLY.

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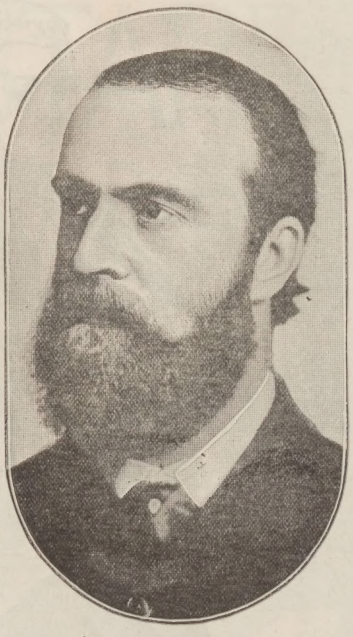
All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Ireland as She Is.

I HAVE been spending this last week in Ireland, dividing time between Queen's County and the wildest and poorest parts of Donegal, and rich and busy Derry, so that naturally my interest in English politics is not at fever height. I have done a certain amount of travelling in my life, but I think I never came away from any country with a stronger impression of having been in "furrin parts" than I shall have when I once more set foot



MR. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.

on Holyhead Pier. Ireland and England are, in the words of Lord Houghton's song, "Strangers Yet." We don't know her; she doesn't know us. Yet there is no reason in the world why we shouldn't be better "acquent." The Irish are the most open-hearted folk in the world; they are the most hospitable; they are the most demonstrative; they will go the longest way to serve a friend; they are the most easily led—too easily led, in my opinion. Now, putting aside the party aspect of the Irish Question, is there not a miracle of stupidity somewhere in the fact that the most teachable folk in the wide world are the least open to British influence, the most opposed to our rule, the most suspicious of our institutions? Go as a private and unattached Britisher, and every door flies open to you. Go as an official, or a pro-official, and one twentieth of the doors are open and the other nineteen twentieths are shut. It reminds one of the story of the sergeant of police who marched up his men on hearing a row in the street. The ringleader of the riot came up and begged the sergeant to retire. "Sure, sergeant," he said, "it's nothing agin Coercion and the Goverment: it's only a little private affair between the bhoys." And the sergeant, reassured, retired to barracks. In the same way, it depends whether you are for or "agin" the Government as to whether you will be well or ill received in Ireland. Nothing is there as it is over here. The police watch the streets all day, but they go to bed all night, and leave the town's peace to take care of itself. My car overturned, and four of us were shot into the middle of the street—happily without any injury. The whole town came flocking, *except* the police. They disappeared, though a few minutes later they were all marching, rifles on shoulder, to an eviction. All this savours of topsy-turveydom; and when one thinks of the endless wrangles of parties—of the sickening jangle of words which does duty for statesmanship among us—one wonders why our politicians do not put their heads together for three months and produce a settlement of the Irish Question. I do not believe that Irish society cannot get on together. In England one hears a good deal of talk of Catholics and Protestants fighting. In Ireland I find they live a very comfortable life together, except that both parties are rather too fond of excluding the other party from well-paid offices. In a word, I believe that the Irish Question can be settled—must be settled—will be settled—very soon.

An Irish Chapel.

Among other scenes in Ireland of which I have been a witness, that which perhaps interested me most was a sight of the now famous chapel of Father McFadden, in front of which Inspector Martin was done to death. Imagine a region conceived—to reverse Shakspere—in the very desolation of Nature. Bare rock, black bog—varied by thin and rare patches of green—the autumn sun shining coldly down on a wild and craggy coast, with deep blue bays and islands, with fantastically carved rocks, the thin smoke from a dozen or so white-thatched hovels catching the eye as it wanders mile on mile from promontory to promontory, and from one bare stretch of mountain to another. Suddenly one lights upon a chapel in a deep hollow, with a river flowing hard by. You enter, and find yourself in what looks like a small cathedral, with a fine flower-decked altar, two big galleries, and seats for two thousand people. Fancy a congregation of two thousand in a place where there does not seem to be two hundred people within a range of twenty miles! Yet it is often gathered in this Donegal cathedral. The secret of the business is this. Years ago the old chapel stood near the river, which rushed underneath the floor. There came an August flood, one Sunday when service was ending, and swept the church away, Father McFadden and the congregation escaping on the seats and in all kinds of semi-miraculous ways. The flood created a great sensation in the Catholic world, especially in America. Subscriptions for a new church came pouring in. At length they mounted to such a sum that the priest was not only able to build the wonderful church which is the admiration of every visitor who sees it, but actually to divert the course of the river to the channel where it now flows harmlessly by.

Davitt's Speech.

I seem doomed to make this an Irish letter. While one big Irish trial has taken place in Queen's County, another is resumed in the Strand, and that very typical Irish figure, Mr. Michael Davitt, is delivering a very carefully weighed defence of what I may call the advanced Irish position. Davitt's is certainly a very fascinating figure. The one-armed man, with the deep, cavernous but soft eyes and the coal-black beard, stamps himself as a remarkable person the moment you clap eyes on him. The voice, deep, melodious, though a trifle monotonous, the passionate intonation, the fierce glance, the intense manner—both in public speech and private talk—the bitter and frank criticisms of a foe, the unstinted eulogium of a friend, all help to complete the impression which a glance at Davitt's features suggested. The character corresponds. Rash, impetuous, wayward—Davitt is also staunch and true. He is possibly egotistical, but then, he is absolutely unselfish. His early life in Portland has embittered him, and his quarrels with a section of the Irish Party—though with Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, and one or two others he has always remained on terms of friendship—have impaired his influence in Ireland, and prevented him making the most of his great gifts as an orator. Now, however, he has fallen on happier days. He has married a rich and charming American, he has a modest and pretty home, and he is coming to the front in the more responsible ranks of Irish politics. The ex-rebel, indeed, is mellowing. Whether he will mellow much more depends on circumstances. He is not the man for a Parliamentary career—there is too much of the old Irish Irreconcilable about him for that—and the idle talk of his wanting to stand for an Irish constituency is about as probable as that the old prisoners of Portland will one day be sitting on the Treasury Bench. Personally, I doubt whether Davitt's day is over, and whether he will not still have a very important part to play in the settlement of the Irish land question. But that part will assuredly not be played on the floor of the House of Commons.

A Party of Young Men.

I confess I know very little of Mr. Loder, the new member for Brighton, beyond—from Mr. Loder's standpoint the not unimportant consideration—that he is a young man. In truth, it is a curious fact that just now the Tory Party are, whether consciously or unconsciously, taking to heart Lord Beaconsfield's excellent maxim that a country must be saved by its youth. It is interesting to note that during the last two Parliaments the younger party in the House has been the Tories. The Liberals have largely recruited their ranks from elderly manufacturers and men of business; while the Party which made Pitt Prime Minister at twenty-four, and which took up with Disraeli when he was a foppish boy, has been steadily recruiting its young men. Nearly all the best men in the Tory Party are young: Lord Randolph, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Curzon, Mr. Madden, Mr. Robertson, and at least a score more in the second rank, are all young men. Within the last two years the ranks of the juniors have been still further recruited, until now the Conservatives could very well afford to lose half a dozen of their older leaders, and yet would be uncommonly well off for talent, Parliamentary experience, and "go." On the other hand, it is obvious that, with the loss of Mr. Gladstone and one or two others, the Liberal Party will be much worse off than their opponents for anything like light or leading among the rank and file. The young men are not coming. There is no reserve leadership. The best are well on in life; the Young Guard are not half numerous enough. That is a serious question, and one which distresses Mr. Gladstone not a little. The next Parliament, however, will not improbably see some little shifting of the balance of age. The Conservatives will still have the advantage, but a good many of the older Liberals will disappear and give place to younger men.

The Cost of Being an M.P.

What hinders this development of the situation is the cost of being an M.P. I know a good many men who are very anxious to get into Parliament—who have the talents, training, and knowledge of political subjects, as well as the ambition—but are prevented by want of cash. These men are of two classes. There is, first, the professional man, with an income of, say, £2000 a year, who shrinks from the initial expense of a contested election, and the drain on his purse which a seat for a good many county and borough constituencies entails. These men would be at once drawn into the arena by a measure under which the election expenses of any candidate were paid by the State. Then there is the second class, which shrinks from the payment of the £600 or £700 a year which is, as things go, the minimum sum at which an M.P. who is not a Labour Member can fairly maintain himself in London. Most of these men belong to the Liberal Party, the Conservatives who draw their recruits from the scions of noble houses and of great and wealthy magnates—being still able to supply in unstinted numbers a sufficient army of young recruits, with an ample income at their backs. The question is a very serious one for the more democratic of the two parties, and in the end, as both parties become more and more dissociated from the very wealthiest classes, will become a turning point in our politics. I wonder which of the two will be the first to bring about a reform of the present law?

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The Parnell Commission

was resumed on Oct. 24 in the Probate Court of the Royal Courts of Justice by a brief and vigorous speech from Mr. Joseph Biggar, M.P., who is sketched in the front illustration in his favourite seat, near Mr. Michael Davitt. But the last-named resolute and steadfast Irish Nationalist Leader soon became the centre of attraction; Michael Davitt has the courage of his opinions in a marked degree. Tall and of powerful frame, Davitt has a prominent brow and strong-looking face, jet black beard and moustache, and jet black hair, which is getting rather thin at the top. Davitt had what may be termed his brief of his speech on the top of a large dispatch-box, by the side of which (when I dropped in) were a couple of pomatum pots full of what seemed to me a mixture of egg and milk, to moisten the throat of the earnest advocate. Having lost his right arm, Davitt had to turn over the pages of his brief with his left hand, with which he also

MICHAEL DAVITT.

made notes from time to time. I should judge the evident sincerity of Davitt greatly impressed the President, Sir James Hannen. That powerful individuality, John Burns, manifestly thoroughly believed in his friend Davitt, who bore himself with a manly quiet and read his speech in a masterful manner that testified at least to his honesty of purpose. Much of Davitt's long speech necessarily went over the ground. Sir Charles Russell covered in his luminous address on behalf of Mr. Parnell. But the fair Home Rule Leader has lost nothing by Mr. Davitt's advocacy. Nay; his frank avowal of the reason why he became a Fenian—i.e., because he concluded the wrongs of Ireland could only be righted by force—his startling statement that he had suffered penal servitude rather than reveal the name of a man who should have stood in the dock—his energetic denunciation of Major Le Caron, or Beach, as a perjurer—and his firm vindication of the Parnell movement in Ireland as being a return to Constitutional agitation as opposed to the Fenian course of action he now repudiates—plainly had great weight with Sir James Hannen, who was particularly considerate to Michael Davitt throughout. The scene in court is faithfully delineated. All who are acquainted with the personal appearance of Mr. Davitt will recognise the fidelity of his portrait. I was glad to see Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith looked all the better for their holiday. Mr. Henry Cunynghame, the genial secretary, sought relaxation in a volume of Caxell's National Library. Mr Soames and Mr. Houston appeared to be glum; and Major Le Caron interested in the rhetoric of Davitt; while Sir Richard Webster's melancholy air betokened he was sick and tired of the protracted investigation, and Sir Henry James's vigilance betrayed his anxiety not to lose a single point.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

I observe that Miss Amelia Edwards sailed last week in the Etruria for the United States, where she proposes to give some eighty or a hundred lectures, chiefly for universities, colleges, and learned societies. Miss Edwards, who must not be confounded with her cousin, Miss Betham Edwards, who has just edited Arthur Young's "Travels in France," is fifty-eight years of age. She has written several novels, of which "Lord Brackenbury" is esteemed her best, has contributed articles to both daily and weekly newspapers, and has written books of travel, the most

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

From a Photograph by Alexander Bassano, New Bond-street.

noticeable of which is "A Thousand Miles Up the Nile." It was either this journey or her friendship with Professor Stuart Poole which gave her her enthusiasm for Egyptology, upon which subject she has written several monographs. She was co-secretary with Professor Poole of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, of which the discoveries have been numerous and wonderful.

Miss Edwards at Home.

Miss Amelia Edwards usually lives at what is described as a "quiet semi-country house," near Bristol. In its grounds—if we are to believe a writer in *Harper's Magazine*—a walk is carefully measured off, twenty-two turns of which make a mile. Summer or winter, in rain or sun or snow, Miss Edwards does her half-mile before and half-mile after breakfast—perhaps she is doing it now on the Atlantic liner—previous to beginning work, touching an index dial at the bottom of the path to make sure of her record. This walk is repeated before dinner in the evening.

Reginald Stuart Poole.

Miss Edwards's colleague in the Egyptian Exploration Fund was Mr Stuart Poole, who is the Keeper of the Coin Department at the British Museum and the Professor of Archæology at University College. Like Mr. E. A. Freeman, Mr. Poole does not like to be called "Professor," nor does he, in spite of the fact that he is an Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge, care to be addressed as "Mr." as Dr. Poole, so one is driven to plain "Mr.," a quite inadequate designation for one of the most learned as well as one of the best and the kindest of men. Mr. Stuart Poole, who has Lane of the "Arabian Nights," by whom he was educated at Cairo, for his uncle, and Stanley Lane-Poole for his nephew, is quite at home with fourteen languages, including Persian and Sanskrit. In addition to this, he is our greatest numismatist, and perhaps our greatest Egyptologist, and has written the articles on "Egypt" and "Hieroglyphics" for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." My readers will be overcome with a sense of awe, so I hasten to revive them by the assurance that the Professor is full of generous and not at all supercilious toleration for the mass of ignorant mankind. Some of my most pleasant hours have been spent in his society, and I was glad the other day to be present at one of the well-attended *free* lectures which he is giving every Wednesday afternoon at the Botany Theatre of University College.

Phonograph and Graphophone.

I was amused the other day to note that a correspondent in Vienna had telegraphed to a widely circulating daily paper the appearance in that city of a rival to Edison's phonograph. I thought that everyone knew the history of this wonderful instrument, which makes the sigh for "the sound of a voice that is still" the most unpoetical of aspirations. Both graphophone and phonograph can be seen and heard readily enough in London, and they are also on view at the Paris Exhibition. The fact is that some years ago Mr. Edison invented an instrument for retaining and reconveying sound. The substance used was tinfoil. This he found did not retain the sound for any lengthened period. He then put the invention on one side, and devoted himself to electricity. Meanwhile, a man named Tainter set to work and discovered that wax cylinders were the best means of perpetuating sound, and these cylinders he patented. When, later on, Mr. Edison turned his attention again to the phonograph, he found that someone had been before him; and not, I understand, until he can find some other substance than wax will he be able to make any money out of the invention. Meanwhile, the Tainter Graphohone people are trying to float a company. I suppose their success will very much depend upon the reading of the patent law with regard to these wax cylinders. In outward appearance the phonograph and graphophone are the same, but the former is worked by electricity, the latter by a foot-pedal like a sewing-machine. Mr. Edison's cylinders are of white wax, Mr. Tainter's of black.

The Eiffel Tower,

the crowning glory of the Paris Exhibition, is to be eclipsed by the colossal Tower Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., and his coadjutors have projected for London. Our Tower is to be 1200 ft. in height—200 ft. higher than M. Eiffel's masterpiece. The Tower Company offer 500 guineas for the best and 250 guineas for the second best design and estimate for this London Tower; the plans to be sent in before the end of next February. Here's a chance for our engineer readers, who may obtain the precise specifications from the secretary, Mr. Alfred B. Garside, St. Stephen's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. In the interests of the Metropolis I venture to hope the forthcoming Tower will form a feature of our next

London International Exhibition,

for which the time is rife. Bearing in mind the many millions sterling that have been drawn to Paris by means of its Great Exhibition of 1889, a Committee of London's foremost citizens (say, with the Prince of Wales as President) should lose no time in organising a fresh World's Fair for London—to be opened in 1892.

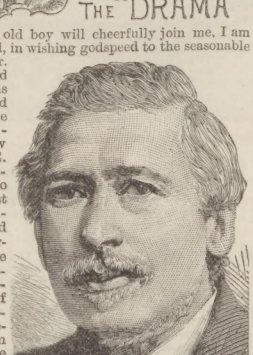
Murphy's Pig.

Some artistic friends of mine have just had a run through some of the wildest scenery of Ireland, and have had no end of fun. Travelling a few days ago on a remote railway where passengers were few, they were surprised to find the train stopping at a lonely spot not near a station, and suddenly, above the rush of steam and shriek of the whistle, was heard a terrific squeal. It was ear-piercing, and my friends wondered what was the matter. "It's only Murphy's pig," said a farmer in the same carriage. "They are dropping him at the ould man's doore, and he's crying murther before his time," he added with a grin.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Many an old boy will cheerfully join me, I am convinced, in wishing godspeed to the seasonable benefit Mr. Edmund Yates has suggested for the benevolent widow of Mr. E. L. Blanchard. No dramatist has contributed more liberally to the pure entertainment of the playgoing public than the late veteran, who for so many years wrote the Drury Lane pantomimes, and imagined a world of delightful images for the amusement of children of all ages. A hardworking journalist to the last, Mr. Blanchard was unfortunately unable to save enough to provide a competency for his wife. A gentlewoman who has devoted herself to a life of practical philanthropy, Mrs. Blanchard richly merits the doubtlessly substantial benefit the kind-hearted leaders of the theatrical profession are about to organise for her.



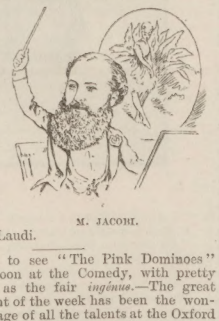
THE LATE MR. E. L. BLANCHARD.

Hurry up to see "The Yeomen of the Guard" once again at Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte's handsome theatre in the Savoy, or you will be too late to refamiliarise yourself with some of the most tuneful music Sir Arthur Sullivan has ever composed, and some of the quaintest ditties Mr. W. S. Gilbert ever devised. I was reminded of my last visit to the Savoy when I dropped in to see the new show at the Nineteenth Century Art Galleries, where two of the best paintings in the exhibition (not dear, either) are Mr. Hugh George Shaw's "I have a song to sing, O" and "Sing me your song, O!" (a couple of droll dog pictures, Nos. 70 and 81). The said melodious song is sung in a most bewitching manner by fair and sweet-voiced Miss Geraldine Ulmar, who was never more captivating than she is as Elsie Maynard (bodily conveyed, I should say, from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," for she is a veritable Esmeralda). Miss Ulmar divides the honours with piquant Jessie Bond, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Wilkinson, Miss Brandram, and Mr. Denny, whose gaoler is one of the most comical creations of Gilbert-Sullivan opera. I trust one and all will have equally good parts in the new Venetian opera which is due at the Savoy this November, when Mr. Frank Wyatt will join and strengthen the company.

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR AS ELSIE MAYNARD.

I rather liked Miss Loie Fuller as an American rustic beauty; but her "Caprice" at the Globe proved but "An Unequal Match." Even touched up by Mr. Fred. W. Broughton, the comedy-drama of "Caprice" wouldn't go down. The theme is played out. It is an old, old story, that of the country girl, who, wooed and won by a fine town gentleman, fascinated by her naïveté, disenchanted him when he became intimate with her *gaucherie*, mispronunciations, and incompatibility of tastes. So trite, indeed, proved the subject that the *chic* and naturalness of Miss Loie Fuller as the heroine, and the brightness of Mr. J. G. Grahame as the blighted hero, the humours of Mr. Alfred Maltby and Miss Susie Vaughan, the charm of Miss Marie Linden, and the vivacity of Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mr. A. Boucicault, and the quaintness of Mr. F. L. Herndon as a farmer failed to interest the audience. Miss Fuller is a little lady evidently full of talent. One could have wished her better luck in her opening piece, which is now preceded by Mr S. Boyle Laurence's one-act play of "Promise" as a curtain-raiser. By the way, I wonder some manager does not pounce upon Mr. Howard Paul's smart and witty Byronic comedietta in *Diprose's Annual*, clearly written to be acted, for a taking curtain-lifter.

Opera composer and skilful *chef d'orchestre* at the Alhambra, M. Jacobi has enchanted London for so long a period with seductive music that everyone will unite in offering this popular musician congratulations on the recent marriage of his daughter Marguerite with M. René Laudi.



M. JACOBI.

Be prepared to see "The Pink Dominoes" revived very soon at the Comedy, with pretty Miss Gilmour as the fair *ingénue*.—The great music-hall event of the week has been the wonderful assemblage of all the talents at the Oxford for the annual benefit of Mr. J. H. Jennings, who has been the means of introducing many a clever artist to the stage.

Ledbury—a name dear to the memories of all who have read Albert Smith's "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury"—sends me word of an admirable concert given at the Ledbury Assembly Rooms on behalf of the Great Western Railway Servants' Fund, which aids no less than 810 widows and 499 children of men killed on the railway.

THESPIS.

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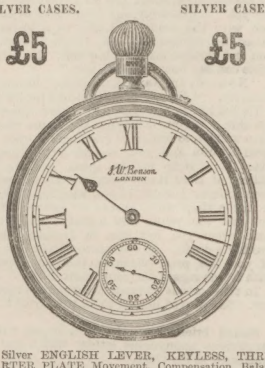

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The Crystal Palace Dog Show is of exceptional grandeur. It extends from one end of the Grand Central Nave to the other, there being over 1500 entries. Every breed of dog is represented; and over £1000 has been awarded in prizes.

Our V.C. Heroes are enumerated in more than one handbook of national interest. The latest compilation of this kind is "The Victoria Cross, and How Won," by Mr. F. E. Toomey, late Colour-Sergeant in the Royal Irish Regiment. It is published by Alfred Boot and Son, 24, Old Bailey.

The Champion at Billiards.—On Monday last, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the first of a series of matches was begun between John Roberts, jun., the champion, and J. North. The game was 4000 up spot-barred, North receiving 1600 points start. A thoroughly interesting first day's play ended with the score as follows: North, 2801; Roberts, 1825. The spot-barred match between Peall and H. M'Neil of 9000 points up, which had commenced the previous Monday, at the Westminster Aquarium, was brought to a conclusion last Saturday night, Peall proving victorious by 193 points.

FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER II.

THE MAN SHE REFUSED.

MOUNTJOY had decided on travelling to Honeybuzzard, as soon as he heard that Miss Henley was staying with strangers in that town. Having had no earlier opportunity of preparing her to see him, he had considerately written to her from the inn, in preference to presenting himself unexpectedly at the doctor's house. How would she receive the devoted friend, whose proposal of marriage she had refused for the second time, when they had last met in London?

The doctor's place of residence, situated in a solitary by-street, commanded a view not perhaps encouraging to a gentleman who followed the medical profession: it was a view of the churchyard. The door was opened by a woman-servant, who looked suspiciously at the stranger. Without waiting to be questioned, she said her master was out.

Mountjoy mentioned his name and asked for Miss Henley.

The servant's manner altered at once for the better; she showed him into a small drawing-room, scantily and cheaply furnished. Some poorly framed prints on the walls (a little out of place perhaps in a doctor's house) represented portraits of famous actresses, who had been queens of the stage in the early part of the present century. The few books, too, collected on a little shelf above the chimney-piece were in every case specimens of dramatic literature. "Who reads these plays?" Mountjoy asked himself. "And how did Iris find her way into this house?"

While he was thinking of her, Miss Henley entered the room.

Her face was pale and careworn; tears dimmed her eyes when Mountjoy advanced to meet her. In his presence, the horror of his brother's death by assassination shook Iris as it had not shaken her yet. Impulsively, she drew his head down to her, with the fond familiarity of a sister, and kissed his forehead. "Oh, Hugh, I know how you and Arthur loved each other! No words of mine can say how I feel for you."

"No words are wanted, my dear," he answered tenderly. "*Your* sympathy speaks for itself."

He led her to the sofa and seated himself by her side. "Your father has shown me what you have written to him," he resumed: "your letter from Dublin and your second letter from this place. . . . Help me to speak to him more plainly of Lord Harry than you could speak in your letters. I want to know what has happened, from the time when events at Ardoon brought you and the young lord together again, to the time when you left him in Ireland after my brother's death. If I seem to expect too much of you, Iris, pray remember that I am speaking with a true regard for your interests."

In those words he made his generous appeal to her. She proved herself to be worthy of it.

Stated briefly, the retrospect began with the mysterious anonymous letters which had been addressed to Sir Giles.

Lord Harry's explanation had been offered to Iris gratefully, but with some reserve, after she had told him who the stranger at the milestone really was. "I entreat you to pardon me, if I shrink from entering into particulars," he had said. "Circumstances, at the time, amply justified me in the attempt to use the banker's political influence as a means of securing Arthur's safety. I knew enough of Sir Giles's mean nature to be careful in trusting him; but I did hope to try what my personal influence might do. If he had possessed a tenth part of your courage, Arthur might have been alive, and safe in England, at this moment. I can't say any more: I daren't say any more; it maddens me when I think of it!" He abruptly changed the subject, and interested Iris by speaking of other and later events. His association with the Invincibles—inexcusably rash and wicked as he himself confessed it to be—had enabled him to penetrate, and for a time to defeat secretly, the murderous designs of the brotherhood. His appearances, first at the farmhouse and afterwards at the ruin in the wood, were referable to changes in the plans of the assassins which had come to his knowledge. When Iris had met him he was on the watch, believing that his friend would take the short way back through the wood, and well aware that his own life might pay the penalty if he succeeded in warning Arthur. After the terrible discovery of the murder (committed on the high road), and the escape of the miscreant who had been guilty of the crime, the parting of Lord Harry and Miss Henley had been the next event. She had left him, on her return to England, and had refused to consent to any of the future meetings between them which he besought her to grant.

At this stage in the narrative, Mountjoy felt compelled to asked questions more searching than he had put to Iris yet. It was possible that she might be trusting her own impressions of Lord Harry, with the ill-placed confidence of a woman innocently self-deceived.

"Did he submit willingly to your leaving him?" Mountjoy said.

"Not at first," she replied.

"Has he released you from that rash engagement of some years since, which pledged you to marry him?"

"No."

"Did he allude to the engagement, on this occasion?"

"He said he held to it as the one hope of his life."

"And what did you say?"

"I implored him not to distress me."

"Did you say anything more positive than that?"

"I couldn't help thinking, Hugh, of all that he had tried to do to save Arthur. But I insisted on leaving him—and I have left him."

"Do you remember what he said at parting?"

"He said, 'While I live, I love you.'"

As she repeated the words, there was an involuntary change to tenderness in her voice which was not lost on Mountjoy.

"I must be sure," he said to her gravely, "of what I tell your father when I go back to him. Can I declare, with a safe conscience, that you will never see Lord Harry again?"

"My mind is made up never to see him again." She had answered firmly so far. Her next words were spoken with hesitation, in tones that faltered. "But I am sometimes afraid," she said, "that the decision may not rest with me."

"What do you mean?"

Impulsively she drew his head down.

"I would rather not tell you."

"That is a strange answer, Iris."

"I value your good opinion, Hugh; and I am afraid of losing it."

"Nothing has ever altered my opinion of you," he replied: "and nothing ever will."

She looked at him anxiously, with the closest attention. Little by little, the expression of doubt in her face disappeared; she knew how he loved her—she resolved to trust him.

"My friend," she began abruptly, "education has done nothing for me. Since I left Ireland, I have sunk (I don't know how or why) into a state of superstitious fear. Yes! I believe in a fatality which is leading me back to Lord Harry, in spite of myself. Twice already, since I left home, I have met with him; and each time I have been the means of saving him—once at the milestone, and once at the ruin in the wood. If my father still accuses me of being in love with an adventurer, you can say with perfect truth that I am afraid of him. I *am* afraid of the third meeting. I have done my best to escape from that man; and, step by step, as I think I am getting away, Destiny is taking me back to him. I may be on my way to him here, hidden in this wretched little town. Oh, don't despise me! Don't be ashamed of me!"

"My dear, I am interested—deeply interested in you. That there may be some such influence as Destiny in our poor mortal lives, I dare not deny. But I don't agree with your conclusion. What Destiny is to do with you and with me, neither you nor I can pretend to know beforehand. In the presence of that great mystery, humanity must submit to be ignorant. Wait, Iris—wait!"

She answered him with the simplicity of a docile child: "I will do anything you tell me."

Mountjoy was too fond of her to say more of Lord Harry, for that day. He was careful to lead the talk to a topic which might be trusted to provoke no agitating thoughts. Finding Iris to all appearance established in the doctor's house, he was naturally anxious to know something of the person who must have invited her—the doctor's wife.

CHAPTER III.

THE REGISTERED PACKET.

MOUNTJOY began by alluding to the second of Miss Henley's letters to her father, and to a passage in it which mentioned Mrs. Vimpany with expressions of the sincerest gratitude.

"I should like to know more," he said, "of a lady whose hospitality at home seems to equal her kindness as a fellow-traveller. Did you first meet with her on the railway?"

"She travelled by the same train to Dublin with me and my maid, but not in the same carriage," Iris answered. "I was so fortunate as to meet with her on the voyage from Dublin to Holyhead. We had a rough crossing: and Rhoda suffered so dreadfully from sea-sickness that she frightened me. The stewardess was attending to ladies who were calling for her in all directions; I really don't know what misfortune might not have happened, if Mrs. Vimpany had not come forward in the kindest manner, and offered help. She knew so wonderfully well what was to be done, that she astonished me. 'I am the wife of a doctor,' she said; 'and I am only imitating what I have seen my husband do,' when his assistance has been required, at sea, in weather like this.' In her poor state of health, Rhoda was too much exhausted to go on by the train, when we got to Holyhead. She is the best of good girls, and I am fond of her, as you know. If I had been by myself, I dare say I should have sent for medical help. What do you think dear Mrs. Vimpany offered to do? 'Your maid is only faint,' she said. 'Give her rest and some iced wine, and she will be well enough to go on by the slow train. Don't be frightened about her: I will wait with you.' And she did wait. Are there many strangers, Hugh, who are as unselfishly good to others as my chance acquaintance in the steam-boat?"

"Very few, I am afraid."

Mountjoy made that reply with some little embarrassment; conscious of a doubt of Mrs. Vimpany's disinterested kindness, which seemed to be unworthy of a just man.

Iris went on.

"Rhoda was sufficiently recovered," she said, "to travel by the next train, and there seemed to be no reason for feeling any more anxiety, but, after a time, the fatigue of the journey proved to be too much for her. The poor girl turned pale—and fainted. Mrs. Vimpany revived her, but, as it turned out, only for a while. She fell into another fainting-fit; and my travelling-companion began to look anxious. There was some difficulty in restoring Rhoda to her senses. In dread of another attack, I determined to stop at the next station. It looked such a poor place, when we got to it, that I hesitated. Mrs. Vimpany persuaded me to go on. The next station, she said, was *her* station. 'Stop there,' she suggested, 'and let my husband look at the girl. I ought not perhaps to say it, but you will find no better medical man out of London.' I took the good creature's advice gratefully. What else could I do?"

The drawing-room door was softly opened, at the moment when Iris put that question. A lady appeared on the threshold. Seeing the stranger, she turned to Iris.

"I didn't know, dear Miss Henley, that you had a visitor. Pray pardon my intrusion."

The voice was deep; the articulation was clear; the smile presented a certain modest dignity which gave it a value of its own. This was a woman who could make such a commonplace thing as an apology worth listening to. Iris stopped her as she was about to leave the room. "I was just wishing for you," she said. "Let me introduce my old friend, Mr. Mountjoy. Hugh, this is the lady who has been so kind to me—Mrs. Vimpany."

Hugh's impulse, under the circumstances, was to dispense with the formality of a bow and to shake hands. Mrs. Vimpany met this friendly advance with a suavity of action, not often seen in these days of movement without ceremony. She was a tall slim woman, of a certain age. Art had so cleverly improved her complexion that it almost looked like nature. Her cheeks had lost the plumpness of youth, but her hair (thanks again perhaps to Art) showed no signs of turning grey. The expression of her large dark eyes—placed perhaps a little too near to her high aquiline nose—claimed admiration from any person who was so fortunate as to come within their range of view. Her hands, long, yellow, and pitiably thin, were used with a grace which checked to some extent their cruel betrayal of her age. Her dress had seen better days, but it was worn with an air which forbade it to look actually shabby. The faded lace that encircled her neck fell in scanty folds over her bosom. She sank into a chair by Hugh's side. "It was a great pleasure to me, Mr. Mountjoy, to offer my poor services to Miss Henley; I can't tell you how happy her presence makes me in our little house." The compliment was addressed to Iris with every advantage that smiles and tones could offer. Oddly artificial as it undoubtedly was, Mrs. Vimpany's manner produced nevertheless an agreeable impression. Disposed to doubt her at first, Mountjoy found that she was winning her way to a favourable change in his opinion. She so far interested him that he began to wonder what her early life might have been, when she was young and handsome. He looked again at the portraits of actresses on the walls, and the plays on the bookshelf—and then (when she was speaking to Iris) he stole a sly glance at the doctor's wife. Was it possible that this remarkable woman had once been an actress? He attempted to put the value of that guess to the test by means of a complimentary allusion to the prints.

"My memory as a play-goer doesn't extend over many years," he began, "but I can appreciate the historical interest of your beautiful prints." Mrs. Vimpany bowed gracefully—and dumbly. Mountjoy tried again. "One doesn't often see the famous actresses of past days," he proceeded, "so well represented on the walls of an English house."

This time, he had spoken to better purpose. Mrs. Vimpany answered him in words.

"I have many pleasant associations with the theatre," she said, "first formed in the time of my girlhood."

Mountjoy waited to hear something more. Nothing more was said. Perhaps this reticent lady disliked looking back through a long interval of years, or perhaps she had her reasons for leaving Mountjoy's guess at the truth somewhat in doubt. In either case, she deliberately dropped the subject. Iris took it up. Sitting by the only table in the room, she was in a position which placed her exactly opposite to one of the prints—the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse.

"I wonder if Mrs. Siddons was really as beautiful as that?" she said, pointing to the print. "Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have sometimes flattered his sitters."

Mrs. Vimpany's solemn self-possessed eyes suddenly brightened; the name of the great actress seemed to interest her. On the point, apparently, of speaking, she dropped the subject of Mrs. Siddons as she had dropped the subject of the theatre. Mountjoy was left to answer Iris.

"We are none of us old enough," he reminded her, "to decide whether Sir Joshua's brush has been guilty of flattery or not." He turned to Mrs. Vimpany, and attempted to look into her life from a new point of view. "When Miss

"I wonder if Mrs. Siddons was really as beautiful as that?" she said, pointing to the print. "Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have sometimes flattered his sitters."

Henley was so fortunate as to make your acquaintance," he said, "you were travelling in Ireland. Was it your first visit to that unhappy country?"

"I have been more than once in Ireland."

Having again deliberately disappointed Mountjoy, she was assisted in keeping clear of the subject of Ireland by a fortunate interruption. It was the hour of delivery by the afternoon post. The servant came in with a small sealed packet, and a slip of printed paper in her hand.

"It's registered, ma'am," the woman announced. "The postman says you are to please sign this. And he seems to be in a hurry."

She placed the packet and the slip of paper on the table, near the inkstand. Having signed the receipt, Mrs. Vimpany took up the packet and examined the address. She instantly looked at her husband and looked away again. "Will you excuse me for a moment?" Saying this she left the room, without opening the packet.

The moment the door closed on her, Iris started up, and hurried to Mountjoy.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "I saw the address on that packet when the servant put it on the table!"

"My dear, what is there to excite you in the address?"

"Don't speak so loud! She may be listening outside the door."

Not only the words, but the tone in which they were spoken, amazed Mountjoy. "Your friend, Mrs. Vimpany!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Vimpany was afraid to open the packet in our presence," Iris went on: "you must have seen that. The handwriting is familiar to me; I am certain of the person who wrote the address."

"Well! And who is the person?"

She whispered in his ear:—

"Lord Harry."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GAME: MOUNTJOY LOSES.

Surprise silenced Hugh for the moment. Iris understood the look that he fixed on her, and answered it. "I am quite sure," she told him, "of what I say."

Mountjoy's well-balanced mind hesitated at rushing to a conclusion.

Presently, Mrs. Vimpany returned: she was in perfect possession of her lofty courtesy, sweetened by the modest dignity of her smile.

"I have left you, Miss Henley, in such good company," she said, with a gracious inclination of her head in the direction of Mountjoy, "that I need hardly repeat my apologies—unless, indeed, I am interrupting a confidential conversation."

"You have interrupted nothing that was confidential," he hastened to assure Mrs. Vimpany. "We have been speaking of a reckless young gentleman, who is an acquaintance of ours. If what I hear is true, he has already become public property; his adventures have found their way into some of the newspapers."

Here, if Mrs. Vimpany had answered Hugh's expectations, she ought to have asked who the young gentleman was. She merely listened in polite silence.

With a woman's quickness of perception, Iris saw that Mountjoy had not only pounced on his opportunity prematurely, but had spoken with a downright directness of allusion which must at once have put such a ready-witted person as Mrs. Vimpany on her guard. In trying to prevent him from pursuing his unfortunate experiment in social diplomacy, Iris innocently repeated Mountjoy's own mistake. She too seized her opportunity prematurely. That is to say, she was rash enough to change the subject.

"You were talking just now, Hugh, of our friend's adventures," she said; "I am afraid you will find yourself involved in an adventure of no very agreeable kind, if you engage a bed at the inn. I never saw a more wretched-looking place."

It was one of Mrs. Vimpany's many merits that she seldom neglected an opportunity of setting her friends at their ease.

"No, no, dear Miss Henley," she hastened to say; "the inn is really a more clean and comfortable place than you suppose. A hard bed and a scarcity of furniture are the worst evils which your friend has to fear. Do you know," she continued, addressing herself to Mountjoy, "that I was reminded of a friend of mine, when you spoke just now of the young gentleman whose adventures are in the newspapers. Is it possible that you referred to the brother of the present Earl of Norland? A handsome young Irishman—with whom I first became acquainted many years since. Am I right in supposing that you and Miss Henley know Lord Harry?" she asked.

What more than this could an unprejudiced mind require? Mrs. Vimpany had set herself right with a simplicity that defied suspicion. Iris looked at Mountjoy. He appeared to know when he was beaten. Having acknowledged that Lord Harry was the young gentleman of whom he and Miss Henley had been speaking, he rose to take leave.

After what had passed, Iris felt the necessity of speaking privately to Hugh. The necessary excuse presented itself in the remote situation of the inn. "You will never find your way back," she said, "through the labyrinth of crooked streets in this old town. Wait for me a minute, and I will be your guide."

Mrs. Vimpany protested. "My dear! let the servant show the way."

Iris held gaily to her resolution, and ran away to her room. Mrs. Vimpany yielded with her best grace. Miss Henley's motive could hardly have been plainer to her, if Miss Henley had confessed it herself. "What a charming girl!" the doctor's amiable wife said to Mountjoy, when they were alone. "If I were a man, Miss Iris is just the young lady that I should fall in love with." She looked significantly at Mountjoy. Nothing came of it. She went on: "Miss Henley must have had many opportunities of being married; but the right man has, I fear, not yet presented himself." Once more her eloquent eyes consulted Mountjoy, and once more nothing came of it. Some women are easily discouraged. Impenetrable Mrs. Vimpany was one of the other women; she had not done with Mountjoy yet—she invited him to dinner on the next day.

"Our early hour is three o'clock," she said modestly. "Pray join us. I hope to have the pleasure of introducing my husband."

Mountjoy had his reasons for wishing to see the husband. As he accepted the invitation, Miss Henley returned to accompany him to the inn.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE great event of the week is the marriage of the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, to Princess Sophie, sister of the German Emperor and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. The marriage took place on Sunday, Oct. 27, at the Cathedral of Athens. The ceremony passed off with the utmost brilliancy, and the popular enthusiasm was unbounded.

The bride was seated in a state carriage drawn by six black horses with silver trappings, and led by Royal footmen, King George riding alongside. The uniform of the German Emperor and the dress of the Empress, which literally blazed with diamonds, attracted universal admiration. The costume of the Princess of Wales, who appeared to be in excellent health, was also much admired. The Empress Frederick was attired in silver grey.

The scene in the Cathedral as the wedding party passed up to the altar was most brilliant, the aisle being strewn with roses, and the uniforms of the various dignitaries lighting up the building, which was otherwise undecorated. The service lasted over an hour, during which Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales held golden crowns over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. At the conclusion of the ceremony the procession returned to the palace by a different route, arriving there at one o'clock, when the marriage was again solemnised according to the Lutheran rite in the King's private chapel.

THE NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GREECE.

A very singular wedding gift was made to Princess Sophie by a rich Greek living in Leghorn, named Mavrokordato. He has handed to the Crown Prince Constantine 10,000f., the interest of which is to be yearly placed at the disposal of Princess Sophie, so that, according to her judgment, she may give female orphans of the Orphan Asylum in Athens dowries on their marriage.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor left Athens on Monday for Egypt, where the latter will at once embark for India. His Royal Highness was accompanied to Piræus by the King of Greece and his second son, who took leave of the Prince of Wales there, as well as by the Empress Frederick and the Princess of Wales with their daughters, who went on board the yacht Osborne for the purpose of accompanying the Royal travellers some distance out to sea.

The funeral of the late King of Portugal took place on Saturday. The cortège left Belem at half past nine for the Pantheon of Saint Vincent in Lisbon, which was not reached until four in the afternoon. The funeral car was completely covered with magnificent wreaths.

The Duke of Edinburgh was unable to attend the funeral at Lisbon through indisposition. After his visit to the King on Friday, the Duke had a fainting fit, and in falling bruised his face. H.R.H. was well enough to start for Madrid on Monday.

It has been stated that the Queen will spend the winter in Florence with the Empress Frederick, but this merely means that her Majesty may possibly go to Florence towards the end of March, when the Empress Frederick will be there for a few weeks. The Queen will winter, as usual, between Windsor and Osborne.

The Parnell Commission resumed its sittings at the New Law Courts in the Strand, on the 24th ult., this being the 113th day of the case, and one year and two days from its first opening. Mr. Biggar, M.P., delivered a brief speech, and he was followed by Mr. Davitt, who addressed the Court at great length.

The trial of Burke, Coughlin, Beggs, O'Sullivan, and Kunze for the murder of Dr. Cronin commenced on Oct. 24 at Chicago. Counsel for the prosecution described the circumstances leading up to the inauguration of the dynamite policy by the Clan-na-Gael, and said that twenty of the men engaged in it were now in English prisons, having been betrayed to enable the Board to steal the funds of the Association. It was to prevent an exposure of this that, according to Counsel's statement, Dr. Cronin was murdered.

The Lord Mayor-elect, Sir Henry A. Isaacs, was on Oct. 24 presented to the Lord Chancellor to receive her Majesty's acquiescence in the choice of the citizens of London. His Lordship referred to the long struggle that had been waged for religious liberty, and congratulated the new Chief Magistrate of London on the honour conferred on him, at the same time signifying the Queen's pleasure at his selection to fill that high position.

Lord Charles Beresford is appointed to the command of the belted cruiser Undaunted.

The Brighton election resulted in the return of Mr. Gerald Loder, Conservative, by a majority of 2507. The figures were—for Mr. Loder, 7132; for Sir Robert Peel, Liberal, 4625.

In Damascus the natives denominate drunkards as victims of "the English disease."

Very careful arrangements were made at Southport (says the *Liverpool Post*) to minimise the physical strain upon Mr. Gladstone. He asked that, whether the hall was large or small, the audience should be entirely seated or all upstanding. It has come to pass, after half a century of public speaking, that Mr. Gladstone has a feeling of discomfort if, when rising to speak, he discovers the audience broken up, some sitting and some standing. Another injunction came from Mrs. Gladstone, who begged that, as far as possible, the crowd might be kept from personal contact with Mr. Gladstone on arriving at and departing from the railway station and the hall. The lusty hand-shaking he has to undergo when a crowd of his admirers get at him is more than he can stand.

Mr. Gladstone on Saturday last opened new Reading- and Recreation-Rooms for working men at Saltney, near Chester. Addressing a large assembly, he reviewed the improvement that has taken place in the position of the working classes during the last half-century. In referring to the purpose of books, he spoke of the history of France during the last two hundred years, of Parliamentary institutions in Ireland within the last century, and of the American Revolution as subjects that working men might study with profit.

Count Von Moltke's 89th birthday was on Saturday, the 26th ult.

A boy named Egan and some others found a quantity of dynamite in a field at Cliffe, near Rochester. Egan set fire to a piece, with the result that both his hands were blown off and he was blinded by the explosion.

The Paris Exhibition closes on Nov. 6. A grand night fête is to be held. It will be the exact counterpart of that given on the occasion of the distribution of prizes. It will comprise the illumination of all the buildings and the lighting up of the Eiffel Tower with Bengal fires. There will also be a grand display of fireworks. M. Alphand, the chief director, has stated that the Exhibition will leave a surplus balance profit of 8,000,000 fr., or £320,000 sterling, which will be divided between the State and the city of Paris.

Mr. Frederick G. Saunders has been unanimously elected Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, in succession to the late Sir Daniel Gooch. Mr. Saunders was formerly secretary to the company, and is one of the directors.

Some more evictions have been taking place in Ireland, this time at Falcarragh, county Donegal. In one case a tenant's wife, who had been seventeen years an invalid, was thrown out on the roadside, although in danger of death. Father Boyle administered the last Sacraments. A soldier was dispatched for the regimental doctor, who said she should not have been removed, and suggested to Divisional Commissioner Cameron that she should be carried back to her bed, but Mr. Cameron only replied that he would try to get her into the workhouse, ten miles farther off. In another case a man, a hundred and one years of age, was carried out of his cottage on to the wayside.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., has been very ill, but a marked change for the better has taken place, and all danger is now believed to be over. By his doctors' orders he will take a sea voyage to India when sufficiently recovered.

The will of Mr. Wilkie Collins is about being proved. The personalty is sworn at £10,331 11s. 3d.

A man, who has since been identified as James Dwyer, entered the branch office of the Union Bank at Didsbury, near Manchester, on the 25th ult., and, saying that he wished to open an account, fired a revolver at Mr. Allen, the manager, wounding him in the chest. He then fired at the clerk, but without effect, seized seventy-eight sovereigns, and decamped. Being pursued, he committed suicide by blowing out his brains. The money was recovered. It is hoped that Mr. Allen's wound will not prove fatal.

Strikes have been going on at Bristol, causing much excitement, dock work being entirely at a standstill. In most cases, however, a settlement has been arrived at.

Mr. Parnell's action against the *Times* will now (says the *Leeds Mercury*) be prosecuted as energetically as possible. It may come on before Christmas, but it is more likely to be taken in January or February. Mr. Parnell hopes not merely to obtain exemplary damages from the *Times*, but to unveil the conspiracy to which he believes the forged letters owe their existence. Among the witnesses to be examined are several leading Liberal Unionists, and also some members of the Loyal and Patriotic Union. A succession of rather remarkable revelations may be expected.

A daring burglary was committed on Saturday night at Plai-tow Lodge, Bromley, Kent, the residence of Lord Kinnaird. An entrance was effected by forcing the catch of the sitting-room window, and the thieves ransacked several drawers and boxes. They took a number of rings, seals, an old watch, and various trinkets of considerable worth, and scattered a number of valuable papers about the room. A handbag containing about £20 in cash had been left lying on the sofa, but this the thieves overlooked. They tried to force a door leading to other rooms, but it was securely locked and barred. The burglary was not discovered until seven o'clock in the morning. The thieves got clear away, evidently in the direction of Lewisham, a box which they had taken being found on the path leading that way across the park. Lord Kinnaird's sisters and a number of servants were in the house, but did not hear any disturbance. The police have no clue to the thieves.

Wroxham House, Norfolk, the residence of Mrs. Blake-Humfrey, has been destroyed by fire, despite the presence of two fire brigades, whose efforts, however, were rendered almost nugatory by reason of the deficient water-supply. And yet the mansion was on the edge of the delightful Wroxham Broad.

A labouring man living at Ashford, Kent, named Brown, has just come into a fortune of £11,000, by the death of a relative. He has for years past been earning 18s. a week.

The action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Phyllis Broughton against Viscount Dangan has practically been settled upon terms, and judgment was therefore formally entered for the plaintiff, with £2100 damages.

About four o'clock on Monday afternoon a terrible accident happened at the works of the Clayton Foundry Company, near Manchester. The workmen were employed in making a large casting, when the sand of the mould burst, and a number of men were injured by the molten metal. One man was killed, and about fourteen others were taken to Manchester Royal Infirmary.

The wife of a labourer named Davis, living at Brixton, Devonshire, on Sunday night gave birth to three children—two girls and a boy. On Monday the mother and infants were doing fairly well.

The trial of the persons charged with complicity in the murder of Inspector Martin at Gweedore, at Maryborough, concluded on Tuesday, the 29th, six of the prisoners pleading guilty to manslaughter and ten to misdemeanour, for which sentence was deferred. Father McFadden pleaded guilty to obstructing the police, and was ordered to come up for judgment when called upon.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. O.—If a tenant holds over after the expiration of his lease he becomes a tenant "on sufferance." But when he pays, or agrees to pay, any subsequent rent at the previous rate, this creates a new tenancy from year to year upon the same terms and conditions as those contained in the expired lease, so far as applicable to a yearly tenancy. Whether the tenant *does* continue to hold on such terms is a question of fact and evidence for a jury.

X Y Z.—No positive opinion can be given by any lawyer upon the effect of a deed, unless he has seen its exact terms; but if all the material facts are contained in your letter, the beneficiaries ("heirs") would be entitled to compel a sale. They had better go to a solicitor, who would tell them the exact steps to take.

MARY ANN.—The personal property would go half to widow and half to next-of-kin. If the purchaser of real property die intestate and without issue, in such a case as this, you, as the only sister of the whole blood, would succeed subject to the widow's right (if any) to dower. That right is often excluded in modern conveyances.

R. I. A.—If execution be levied on your goods, give notice to the sheriff of your claim. He can seize your father's goods; but, if there be any real verbal or written agreement for rent to be paid by your father, you can distrain now, and so have first claim. But you should sell and carry out distress like any other landlord.

A. A. A.—The solicitor who prepared the will and advises that your eldest child is properly identified therein is the person to consult, and is best able to form an opinion.

HENRY.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Not unless the employer authorised the promise of the fare.

B. O. Y.—The witnesses' deaths will not invalidate the will; but, if it should be disputed, it might be difficult to prove its validity. See our recent articles on Wills. Your friend should make a fresh will, and not rely on that which is twenty years old, the witnesses being dead.

A CONSTANT READER.—If there were no "committal in default" in the last order, you must issue another judgment summons, and be prepared at the hearing to prove the debtor's means to pay. Go to the County Court office and inquire as to procedure and get the forms there.—LEX.

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TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

THE RACING WORLD

Lord Falmouth.

BULLETINS concerning Lord Falmouth's illness were followed with great anxiety by the racing public. His Lordship, a thorough practical sportsman, was always extremely popular with all classes. He did not bet himself when owning such a stud as has hardly ever been equalled, and scoring success after success in our great stakes, but always gave a straight run. In all his dealings with thoroughbreds, either at the stud or on the course, he showed grand judgment, which was, perhaps, never more signally vindicated than in his sale of both studs—breeding and racing. In all probability, had he kept the latter for another season, he might have credited himself with more great stakes; but there cannot be a doubt that the stock was remarkably well sold. Throughout the land Lord Falmouth's character was appreciated, and it is no wonder that details of his illness attracted so much attention. It is said that the only bet he ever made on a horse-race was

A Wager of Sixpence

to Mrs. Mat Dawson. That speculation was unsuccessful. Lord Falmouth had to pay, and duly cashed up the sixpence, which he had had set as a brooch in a way that made it a remarkably valuable bit of money.

The Duke of Portland

may almost be called Lord Falmouth's successor. Though the latter, since his big sell-off, has now and then had one or two horses with Mat Dawson, he has virtually been out of racing. Mat—who, like his old patron, was supposed to have all but retired—handed over the care of most of his friend's charges to young George Dawson, his nephew. His Grace of Welbeck was singularly lucky in securing the services of so clever a young trainer, who at first, and when he needed a second opinion, was able to benefit by the counsel of old Mat as consulting engineer. Not the least of George's triumphs counts the way in which he has kept a couple of the Duke's two-year-olds going from the beginning of flat-racing to the end of the (at any rate, Newmarket) season. Donovan came out in 1888 to win the Brocklesby, and wound up victorious in the Dewhurst Plate of the Houghton Meeting. Semolina opened with a Brocklesby victory, and, like Donovan, carried winning colours at Newmarket winding-up gathering. It remains to be seen whether she will follow Donovan's example at three years of age.

I Fear that so Rich a Fate may not be in Store for Semolina,

because her lines are cast in a much better year for two-year-olds than Donovan's. To put the case truthfully, not at all in a complimentary view, Donovan is simply the best of a bad lot. Semolina is really good, what there is of her, but that is not much. Besides, she has fallen against a whole row of really first-class youngsters and one of phenomenal excellence. Signorina is a wonderfully good mare, who will accomplish a grand record should she only go on all right in 1890. We all trust that she will, for her owner,

Chevalier Ginestrelli,

is a Genuine Sportsman,

who deserves the best of luck with the filly. He has rejected all manner of fine offers for her, and is so devoted to the beautiful mare that he might be handicapped to give the typical (and practical) Arab weight in the matter of devotion to his steed. I do not fancy that the Arab—even the Arab of fiction, who is a very different person from the real article; very much less dirty, for instance, and not an habitual thief—could stand such offers as the Chevalier has rejected. His feeling on the subject is so well known that when Colonel North desired a commissioner to sale the Italian to put a price on her, he was told it was waste of time to approach him.

Unlike the Duke of Westminster, Signorina's breeder has only a small string. That

The Duke has Plenty of Horses Without Ormonde

is perfectly true. But then sentimentalists urge with show of reason that he will scarcely again get so fine a performer as the magnificent roarer, and that gratitude for the suit and services he did might have stood in the way of letting the Buenos Ayres people get him out of this country—roarer or no roarer. So some folk fancy there is a chalk due to those who regret the horse's sale to the foreigners when they reply to the just-quoted argument that

The Duke had Plenty of Money without Counting the Price Paid for Ormonde.

He may prove a great success at the stud out there, but we shall not improve the tone of their racing much with horses sent from here to race, except in the case of those exported very young. Conditions are so widely different from ours. What is more,

Their Trainers can Win Races with Gees Our Men over There Give Up in Despair,

The Cambridgeshire—last of the Newmarket handicaps—being disposed of, our indefatigable punters and bookmakers are busy endeavouring to get money out of each other on the Liverpool Autumn Cup. We used to have two rule-of-thumb systems for picking winners of this race and the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot. Go for the fourth in the Royal Hunt Cup was the standard tip for the Ascot scurry.

Go for the Fourth in the Cambridgeshire to Win the Liverpool Cup

was the other. It happens that this advice is founded, or was when the Cambridgeshire was run on the old course, on solid sense. Whatever is forward in the Cambridgeshire must be suited by the Aintree distance, and is sure to be in good condition for that race. Unfortunately, perhaps, I cannot save myself the trouble of analysing the Liverpool acceptances on this account, because the Cambridgeshire fourth does not happen to be in the Cup at all. Besides,

If Martley were Engaged with Bottom Weight, he should not have my Vote.

Perhaps we have something better, though, to stand on, like principle, since both second and third to Laureate are to be run, and will assuredly run well. There is no denying their claims; still, I shall give myself a run through the twenty-six left in. In the first place, King Monmouth must be dangerous with 9st. 2lb. if you look at the Ebor Handicap. He ought to beat little Ringmaster, who, practically, is not allowed anything at all for his defeat at Knavesmire. Philomel will hardly hold her own at 7st. 12lb. with the lighter weights. Vasistas is no good for the season, though when dropped by the handicapper next season he may make his mark. Zanzibar is lame.

Theophilus will want a Lot of Beating, though I Doubt his Superiority to Claribelle.

Belle Mahone is good enough to leave alone. Rêve d'Or ought to be put on the shelf; her day is quite gone. Theosophist looks like giving place to Theophilus. L'Abbesse de Jouarre might run well. She made quite a fair show last Thursday. Wishing Gate can hardly improve to the required extent on the Cambridgeshire form, though she may, because she is very uncertain.

For Lady Rosebery I have Great Respect.

It certainly is Mr. Abington's turn to win a good handicap, and we may be quite sure that Charley Morton will do all he can towards that end. Houndsditch might be preferred to King Monmouth, but that is not very probable.

Antibes, if Backed, will go Close to Winning.

Quartus will, I expect, be kept a little longer. Kenilworth will not be one of mine, but among her neighbours are a very dangerous little lot, viz.:

Claribelle, Tommy Tittlemouse, and Pamela.

We have the first-named second in the Cambridgeshire, and Pamela's public trial with Minthe to recommend her. As for T. Tittlemouse, Esquire, he has been given quite a long rest for him, is thrown in the handicap, and will very nearly land if he keeps well. Duncraggan, who was amiss a little while ago, will win a good race when all straight. Ixia would be better suited at a mile. Netheravon will probably be Taylor's representative. Robin Hood is in a stable best left alone. Of Cunesca I know nothing. My advice to readers is to watch the market for themselves, with a special eye on

King Monmouth, Claribelle, Lady Rosebery, Tommy Tittlemouse, and Pamela.

The winner should be found in that lot. At present I fancy most Tommy Tittlemouse, Pamela, and Claribelle.

Mr. Godfrey's action claiming the Cesarewitch Stakes will, so it is said, be the means of

Washing much Dirty Linen in Public.

If that be so, and the quidnuncs may be wrong, I can only say that I hope the affair may be settled out of court.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Golf

is a game which possesses the advantage of being playable all the year round, and in all weathers, except thick fog. Not even snow can check the ardour of inveterate players, who go out provided with red balls, instead of the ordinary white ones, and take their chance of ever finding them again after the long drive from the "tee."

The Royal Wimbledon Golf Club

is one of those which looks upon the game as a diversion quite as suitable to bad weather as fine. Its operations are confined to the links on Wimbledon Common, and, no doubt, the Volunteer camp has hitherto interfered with any midsummer play, which may to some extent account for the fact that the Monthly Medal is played for on the last Saturday of every month in the year except June, July, and August.

The Royal Wimbledon is a very strong club, owing, probably, to its proximity to London, and, while its membership is limited to 350, there are more than 150 gentlemen on the candidates' list. So it will be seen that the popularity of golf is by no means confined to Scotland. This limiting of membership is highly essential, for the links, as it is, are always very crowded; for, of course, Wimbledon Common is free to all. The Blackheath links accommodate another division of London golfers, while there are new links at Chingford, to say nothing of the fine golfing house at Sandwich.

The two principal meetings of the Royal Wimbledon are the Spring and the

Autumn;

the last-named concluding on Saturday last, when the weather was anything but cheerful, or helpful to high scoring. The Bennet medal was being played for, and the customary large number of competitors, in every imaginable variety of costume, comprising some of the best men at the game, "teed off." There were, of course, the usual irritating and unforeseen mishaps with the ball, one player neatly landing his into the garden of that historical landmark the Windmill, and being put to some difficulty in getting it out again. In spite of the weather there was a number of spectators, and the ingenuity which these displayed in always being in the way of the players was worthy of a better cause. But this is the commonest experience, though I see that the non-playing public, led by that incisive writer,

Edmund Yates,

have taken to putting forward their side of the question, which is not in favour of turning England into one vast golf-ground, across which it is dangerous to life to walk.

Professional rowing is, after all, to have a lift, if the rumour of the past week can be relied upon. These tell me that an effort is being made to resuscitate the

Thames National Regatta,

which, years ago, used to produce such splendid contests, and bring out professional talent. It is a common cry that the experiments that have been tried with the scullers have proved such efforts to be quite needless; but I do not agree with this argument. An offer of prizes for a scullers' race, to be sculled within a month or two of the offer, does not go deep enough to the root of the matter. There is no time for the development of fresh men, which should be the chief object in view, seeing what a poor array we have at present. This can only be done by the institution of a series of annual regattas, at which all kinds of rowing will be provided for, and of which timely notice is given, so that the rival bodies of

Thames and Tyne

may have ample time in which to get crews together and to practise. Professional rowing has fallen so seriously into disuse that one hardly knows what to expect from the first regatta—when it comes off—of the revival. We cannot expect to see a second edition of Kelleys, Renforths, Chambers, Boyds, Sadlers, Higginses, &c., spring up by magic. But we have excellent evidence of the utility of such regattas in the number of fine oarsmen who are developed in Australia by the frequency with which regattas and sculling handicaps are held there. One wonder succeeds the other; and even an admitted second—or even third—rate sculler is found to quite outclass the best that England can produce. Our professional cricketers do not grow spontaneously, but are fostered by the assiduous care of the many county clubs, who provide the funds which find the Players in a living. Professional oarsmen have absolutely no inducement held out to them, and, of course, they languish.

A Promising Athlete

is E. W. Samson, of Bloxham School. It often happens at a school that one of the boys is an athletic Triton among the minnows, and is able to win everything by reason of the incapacity of his fellow-competitors; but young Samson shows by his accomplishments that he is above the average schoolboy. In the high jump he cleared 5 ft. 2½ in., and in the long jump 19 ft. 2½ in.; while he put the weight 30 ft. 9½ in., and he also won the 100 yards, the 120 yards hurdles, the quarter-mile and the mile, the all-sufficient reason why he did not win the half-mile being that there was no such race on the programme. Such a record for one day is extraordinary, and Samson should develop into a second C. L. Lockton, who, when at Merchant Taylors' School, won everything he tried for, no matter how huge the starts he was made to concede. Lockton was probably the most wonderful boy athlete we have yet seen, for he cleared twenty-two feet in a long jump before he was twenty.

University Athletics

will soon be in full swing, and last right up to the end of the term, some of the meetings overlapping into 1890, and keeping matters going until the inter-'Varsity contest at Easter. Oxford loses the wonder, Cross, and also Hammond, another exceptionally good miler; but Pollock-Hill and W. B. Thomas, the quarter-miler, remain.

For some years now, Oxford have been endeavouring to have the

Hammer-Throwing

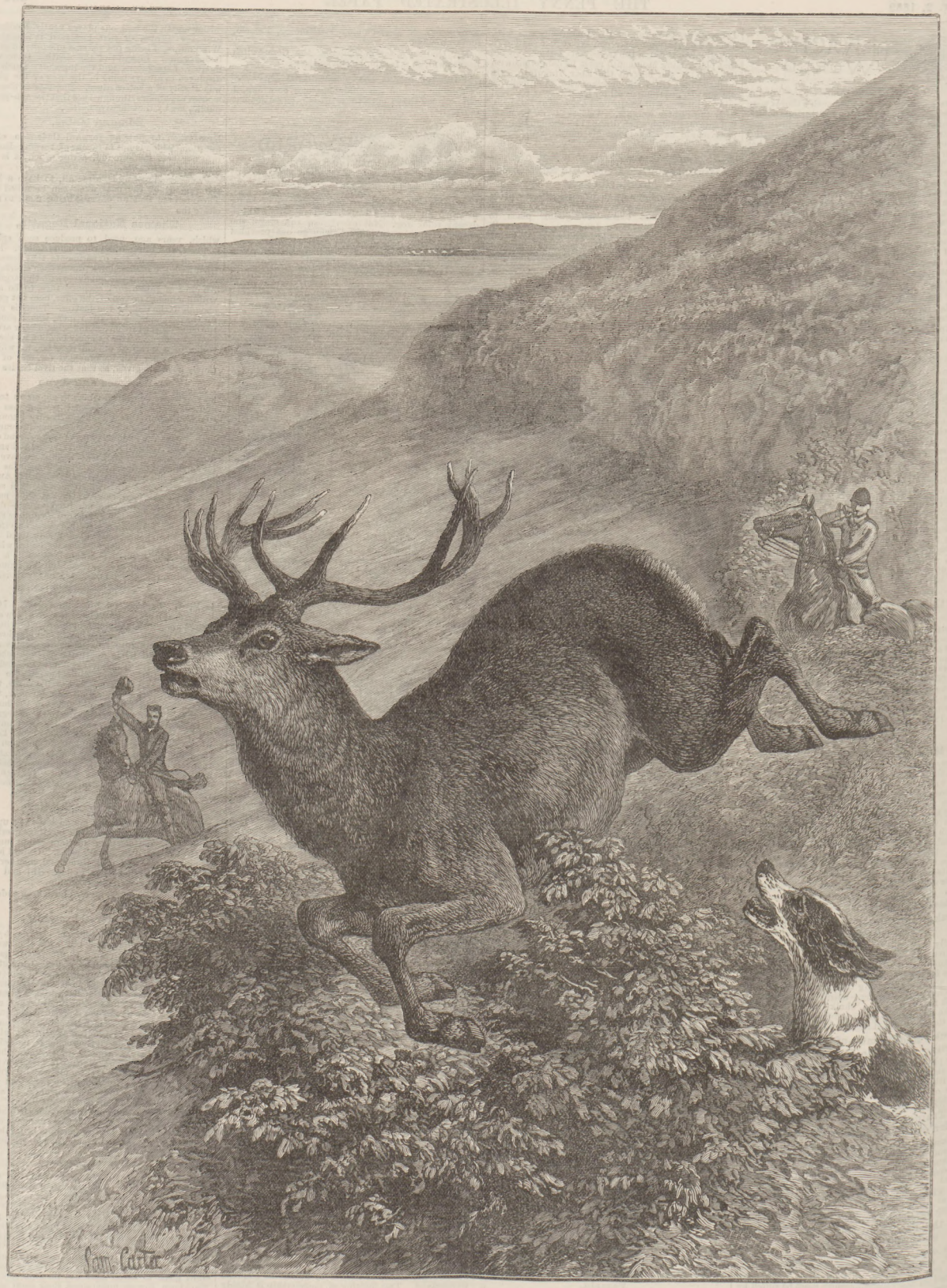
eliminated from the programme. It is not only an uninteresting performance, but is not at all well done now-a-days, no one caring to practise it as in the days of Burgess, Leeke, and Hales. Strength, it is considered, is amply provided for in the weight-putting, while the retention of the hammer in the programme keeps out the half-mile, a race which would prove highly interesting, and also give a chance to runners who do not get a place in the quarter or one mile. The Oxford men have, however, now made up their minds that Cambridge will not give way, and it is therefore asked that colleges, in their meetings, should make a point of including hammer-throwing competitions. Men are not likely to practise much for these, but it is the only way by which men with a natural aptitude for the herculean pastime can be discovered. When a man finds, by accident, that he has a chance of getting his "blue," he will practise speedily enough. The wonder is that, in the recent past, more of the muscular ones have not tried for a blue, through the easy medium of the hammer, seeing how mediocre have been the winning performances.

Beaten Again

will soon become a stock phrase in the case of Preston North End. This time their vanquishers are the Wolverhampton Wanderers. But more astonishing than this result was the victory of Notts County over Bolton Wanderers by as many as four goals to one. Notts County are playing an exceedingly fine game, and look well in for the League Championship, which just now quite monopolises interest, the early stages of the Cup ties being not very important, though the victory of the Swifts over the Casuals by eight goals to three must not be overlooked. The Blackburn Rovers maintained their form and their position in the League contest by defeating Burnley by seven goals to one. The finest match was between Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion—a very important contest for both clubs engaged. The Villa just won by one goal to none. There were ten thousand people present to witness the game. The Old Leysians are playing tremendous havoc with anything but first-class Rugby clubs. After beating the Wasps by seven goals and three tries to nothing ("O Tempora! O Mores!"), the Old Leysians defeated the Old Cheltonians by three goals and four tries to nothing. Blackheath went north to Bradford and were beaten by a goal to nothing, after a very fine game. The great match of to-day will be between those crack metropolitan clubs, Blackheath and London Scottish, of which we shall give illustrations next week.

BANSHEE.

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Asked throughout the world, in any country that can be reached you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]



SPORT IN THE WILD WEST OF ENGLAND: UNHARBOURING A STAG ON EXMOOR, DEVON.

England, as well as America, has a "Wild West" which yields good sport. It is the country of which hearty Jack Russell was for many, many years the jovial Nimrod. We refer to the open tract of moorland extending from the Quantock Hills, above the wide plain of Bridgwater and the fair valley of Taunton, far away westward to the heights of Countisbury, near Ilfracombe. This is a district as wild as any in South Britain. Here rises the Exe, which has given its name to the great moor; and the source of its tributary, the Barle, which joins it below Dulverton, is above Simonsbath, in the heart of what was anciently a "Forest," a Royal Chace, though seldom, if ever, visited by Kings fond of hunting, who had the New Forest of Hampshire, and other such places, nearer to their usual abode. It is mentioned, however, in a charter of King John's, and was surveyed by order of Edward I. After the lapse of five centuries, during which the native race of Lorna Doone's folks had Exmoor pretty much to themselves, the Crown rights were sold in 1820 to Mr. John Knight, who settled at Simonsbath (originally Simon's Path, from the name of a noted outlaw haunting that place in the olden time), and made some attempts to reclaim the land for agriculture—attempts which met with little success.

Most of it still remains a wilderness, and is the habitation of rare birds and beasts, among which is the true Red Deer, the same animal that affords so much sport to rifle-shots in the Scottish Highlands; but on Exmoor, from August to April, the Devon and Somerset staghounds, with bold riders who delight to follow them over the roughest and steepest ground, pursue this noble beast in a fashion that would be surprising to ordinary foxhunters, and that is unique among English hunting-men. Our Artist's drawing of the scene, "Unharbouring a Stag," was made above Cloutsham, the view looking over Porlock, with the Bristol Channel and Wales in the distance.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENGINEERING TRIUMPHS: THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

GREAT BRITAIN may well be proud of its engineering supremacy, signally proved when George Stephenson (the greatest of the Georges) devised the railway steam-engine, and triumphantly maintained to this day by the engineers of the magnificent Forth Bridge, truly one of the wonders of the world. In presenting an illustration of the Forth Bridge to our readers, we may be allowed to express our firm belief that the brightly intelligent rising generation of our youth, commencing life often with the advantage of a scientific education, will successfully uphold the reputation of Britons in the field of mechanics and serviceable science.

* * * * *

Her Majesty, or the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Queen, will be in duty bound to open the colossal Railway Bridge across the Forth. The above View of this gigantic structure was taken from the South Queensferry end, and conveys a good idea of the grand engineering work. But the superb magnitude of the bridge is only to be realised by seeing it from a distance. It has been the admiration of engineers of all countries. In Sir Benjamin Baker have created a monument of human contrivance the grandeur of which is unprecedented.

* * * * *

It may be as well to explain the necessity which has led to the construction of the Forth Bridge, and also of the bridge over the Tay at Dundee, for the one is only the complement of the other. Two large rivers, the Tay and the Forth, run from west to east, i to the German Ocean Each of these has a long and wide firth or estuary. To avoid these firths, land traffic coming from the north had to cross the Tay at Perth and the Forth at Stirling. Military movements were influenced by the same conditions, and Stirling is, on this account, the strategic key to the north of Scotland, for to the west of that place is a mountainous region. This will explain the reason why so many battle-fields—such as Falkirk, Bannockburn, and Sheriffmuir—are to be found in the neighbourhood of that place. The two rivers, with their firths, have also determined the line of traffic north by railway. Until the present time, the main line has passed by Stirling and on to Perth. The East Coast line, or the North British, which works the northern traffic in connection with the Great Northern to King's-Cross in London, has had, until now, either to ferry goods and passengers across the Forth from Granton to Burntisland, and, before the Tay Bridge was built, again at Dundee; or else, to avoid the two ferries, the traffic had to be carried by the roundabout line of Alloa or Stirling.

* * * * *

To secure a direct unbroken line of communication it became necessary to bridge over the two firths; and, as the competition between railways was so great, this has been done. This short explanation will give an idea of the purpose of the Forth Bridge, and its connection with the Tay Bridge, the two being necessary parts of one system. The two bridges will enable the East Coast line to bring the traffic with Dundee, Perth, Montrose, Aberdeen—in fact, the whole traffic of the north of Scotland—direct to King's-Cross, London.

* * * * *

Queensferry was, no doubt, a ferry from a very early date; for the wide firth here becomes narrow, and is only a mile across; and on this account it was selected for the bridge. This was the space to be spanned over, and gives one of the principal dimensions of the work. The height of the bridge had also to be considered in relation to existing conditions. In the case of the Tay there is no port of consequence above Dundee; only a few very small craft go up to Perth. The Forth is very different: there are numerous ports on both sides of the firth above Queensferry, and a large amount of shipping of every size has to pass up and down. There is also the entrance to the Forth and Clyde Canal at Grangemouth. The ships of commerce are daily increasing in size; and, to ensure that the navigation of the great estuary would not be interfered with in time to come, a space of 150 ft. has been given as the height for vessels to pass under the bridge.

The Cantilever Principle.

On considering the plan to be adopted for such a large bridge, it was found that there would be immense difficulties in constructing it upon any of the usual principles upon which modern bridges have been erected. After much thought a new principle was adopted—at least it was entirely new to modern engineering, but it turns out to have been a very old one. It is described as the "cantilever" principle, a term applied to the bracketing by which the woodwork of roofs is supported. If anyone looks up at such a roof as that of Westminster Hall, a curved bracket will be seen which springs from near the top of the wall: this projects out and upwards till it touches the first cross-beam. The object of this is to reduce the length of the space in the cross-beam on which the strain from the weight rests. A simpler illustration may be taken. Suppose the jambs of a door over which a lintel is to be laid: if brackets are placed on the top of the jambs or side posts, in so far as they project within the width of the door, they reduce the space to be covered by the lintel, thus giving greater strength and security from the weight above.

The "cantilever" has the same object in view: it is in principle a bracket, which reduces the space to be bridged over. It is necessary to be thus exact in defining the meaning of the word cantilever, because the spans of the Forth Bridge have been often described as "arches," for they present a curved form to the eye, but there is no arch in principle. The curve results from the form of the cantilever, or bracket. This principle of construction, though, as already stated, new to modern engineering, is a very old one. It was familiar to all who had large roofs to construct. But it has a still greater antiquity: the germ of the idea can be traced back to the earliest forms of architecture. Take the capitals of the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian orders, and it will be observed that they all spread outwards above, and that the abacus, the top member of the capital, extends out beyond the width of the supporting column beneath; thus reducing the space over which the architrave extends.

Forth Bridge Figures.

The whole length of the viaduct is 8296 ft., which is over one mile and a half. A portion of this, about five eighths of a mile, connects the bridge proper with the high ground on each side of the firth.

The bridge itself is 5349 ft. 9 in. in length, which is about 60 ft. over a mile. It may,

perhaps, give the best idea of size by taking a mile along a well-known thoroughfare in London. From Charing-cross along the Strand and Fleet-street to the foot of Ludgate-hill is over a mile, and would be a little longer than the bridge. From the Marble Arch along Oxford-street to Berner-street, which is only a little west from Tottenham-court-road, is exactly a mile: add 60 ft. more, and there is the length of the Forth Bridge.

This space is spanned by three mammoth cantilevers, which give two wide spaces in the middle, each 1710 ft., and what may be described as two half-spaces, one at each end, 689 ft. wide. The cantilevers are connected in the centre by lattice girders, each 350 ft. in length. It may be explained that the cantilevers being the brackets, the lattice girder between them is equivalent to the lintel in architecture, or the central portion of the Himalayan bridges. As stated above, each of the two great spans is 1710 ft. in length, or very short of a third of a mile.

This long stride over space will be grasped comfortably enough. Most of the country is level; there are no hills until you get tolerably near Bath. You pass through a delightful part of England — beautiful scenery, picturesque towns, and all sorts of associations for those to whom these are an additional source of pleasure.

You can be "literary" all the way if you choose. Classic ground, some one has called it, from Colnbrook, with its memories of Lord Bathurst and the wits of his day, whom he loved to gather round him, to Bath itself, where every-body went a hundred years ago, and where for a C.T.C. house you will find

The White Lion Hotel,

where the coaches from La Belle Sauvage Yard used to set down their passengers in old days. The name is as classic as that of the Grand Pump Room.

Perhaps one of the most interesting places on the road is the Vale of the White Horse, which we all knew from our "Tom Brown," long before we saw it for ourselves. There, on the green hillside, you can still see

The Owld White Horse:

A was made a lang lang time ago,
Wi' a good dale o' labour and pains;
By King Alfred the Great, when he spwiled their consate,
And caddled thay woshirds the Danes

So says the old Berkshire ballad, which might be more intelligible.

My only regret was that I had not my camera with me. I would like to have added one or two of my own photos to the Cut I print this week. This Engraving gives

A Distant View of Bath,

which, Walter Savage Landor used to say, is the second most beautiful city in the world to Florence!

I did not meet many cyclists out. But, with

The Bath Road Club,

in summer, they are already doing much to counteract the great loneliness of the road which followed upon the decline and fall of the coaches. I wish the inns, by the way, could be brought a little nearer to the old healthy standard of the posting-houses. Instead of boards groaning under good old English dinners, it was all I could do (it was Sunday) to get some bread and cheese.

* * * * *

Only the other day I was writing of Mr. Marriott as a pioneer cycle-photographer; my attention has been called to a paragraph in *Wheeling* of Oct. 23, which said that just then he was in France, in the Department of the Orne, riding one of his own Safeties, on which he was carrying, with other luggage, a stereoscopic camera and three dozen plates. And the moral of this plainly is, that the man who once learns the pleasure to be had from the union of Cycle and Camera will be slow to give it up.

N. C. U.

THE PICTURESQUE CITY OF BATH.

better by the mind when it is stated that it is about the same distance as that between the Charing-Cross Station and Somerset House. Cheapside and the Poultry—that is, from Peel's statue to the Mansion House—has very close upon the same number of feet between the two points. The whole length of London Bridge extends over only about the half of this space. This is the longest distance between the supports which has yet been covered by mechanical means. The Brooklyn Bridge at New York covers 1600 ft.: it is on the suspension principle, and has only one span—a gigantic work, but it is likely to be the last great bridge that will now be constructed on that system.

CYCLE & CAMERA

Autumnal Cycling.

A friend of mine has taken me to task for advocating riding at this season. He declares that it is the worst time of the year for anyone with a tendency to rheumatism. He himself has a tendency that way, and it is all but death to him to ride after the sun has gone down during the autumn months. Of course, there is some reason in what he says. But then, on the other hand, why risk the evil effects of the dampness and the decaying vegetation after dark? Time your ride so that, if you cannot manage to arrive at your final destination by sundown, you can, at least, about that time, reach a station where you can take a train for the remainder of the journey.

Cyclists do not always understand how to make the most of the railway. Some men, when they know they cannot cover the required distance in a day, will ride part of it the night before, instead of compromising by training it over the least interesting part of the road. This is foolish, for I admit the nights now are too damp for such work. I believe in Jaeger, and think will and wool the best preventives in the world against cold; but it is a mistake to rely upon them too implicitly.

As for autumn days, however, I am still of the same mind as I was last week—when it does not rain they are the best in the year for cycling. Two or three days ago

I Rode down to Bath,

and I don't know when I have enjoyed a ride more. A hundred miles, when you are not scorching or record-breaking, is a good long pull for these short days, and I went in the train as far as Reading. All the road between that town and London I know so very well that it did not seem a waste to get over it as quickly as possible. The whole run, however, is not a hard day's ride, and it is funny to think that not much more than two hundred years ago the coach which carried passengers from London to Bath in three days was called the Flying Machine!

The road is good, a little muddy and sticky after the late rains; but on my Safety I managed

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

"St. Nicholas."

Many things serve to remind me that Christmas is only too near at hand. Almanacs and diaries have been sent to me, as if a book-lover had anything to do with such mundane matters as almanacs and diaries, and now I am beginning to experience the usual invasion of Christmas books. Here, for example, is a volume of "St. Nicholas," an illustrated magazine for the young, which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin sends me. It is beautifully illustrated, and the letterpress is of that character we all know so well, equally entertaining to old and young—liked perhaps better, if possible, by the old than by the young.

"The Thrales of Redlynch."

Again from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton there comes to me a pleasant story by Nehemiah Curnock, called "The Thrales of Redlynch." There is just a little too much of the goody-goody element, of which I am not very tolerant, in the book, but to many that will be a recommendation. At any rate, the tone of the book is of a manly, vigorous, healthy Christianity, not the mean and morbid religiosity which is too popular with many story-tellers. 'Tis a pleasant story of country life, and one never for a moment loses one's interest in Maggie Macliver and her friend Captain Tregarvas, whose portraits I reproduce.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—Advt.

"Roger Willoughby."

I suppose that the above-mentioned "Thrales of Redlynch" is a book mainly for girls, and, that being so, I am not surprised that girls nearly always prefer boys' books. Of course they do, when there are such writers as the late W. H. G. Kingston to cater for their brothers. "Roger Willoughby" (Hodder and Stoughton) was, I believe, W. H. G. Kingston's last book, and why it has only just been published I do not know. It contains a farewell to the boy friends for whom Kingston must have written more than two hundred stories. "Roger Willoughby" is a tale of the Monmouth rebellion, and Captain Benbow bears an important part in the narrative.

"The Master of Ballantrae."

But here is a book worth all that Kingston ever wrote. But why should I say that? Kingston had his work to do, and he did it well. No boy can appreciate all the delicate subtleties of Mr. R. Louis Stevenson's writings. In "The Master of Ballantrae" (Cassell and Co.) that writer, who undoubtedly possesses the finest prose style of any living novelist—mind, I do not say that he is the greatest—has reached the high-water mark of his literary achievement. It is a powerful story of weird, fantastic character. It relates the jealousy and strife of two brothers, told by a kind of secretary, Mr. Mackellar. It is, throughout, a sad, tragic story, with no hearty laughter, nothing of pleasant love-making. And yet there are lights and shades such as only a true literary artist can provide. At times it reminds one of Thackeray's "Esmond," with which it has much in common. At other times it has a terrible power all its own, as in the scene where Ballantrae, beset by would-be murderers, attempts escape by feigning death. His Indian servant assists at his burial. But the enemy is not easy to dispose of, and not for some days can the faithful Indian dig out the body of his master, only to find that, in spite of the drug he had administered, the unfortunate man is dead. "Too cold," the poor fellow mutters; "good 'way in India, no good here."

Diaries.

Have I not expressed surprise that I had received some diaries? Well, after all, Letts's No. 3 and No. 32 rough diaries, interleaved with blotting-paper, which Messrs. Cassell have just published, are not so far removed from literature as might at first sight appear. With the purpose to which they will be put by commercial men I have nothing to do, but the daily diary forms an important part of literature, and many an author has used a less convenient journal than these. Byron and Scott, Macaulay and Carlyle, and a hundred other distinguished men have kept a diary, although only one of these diaries has been published with painful results. I mean Carlyle's "Reminiscences." This is not to say that Carlyle was worse than the others. Byron's diary was burned by Tom Moore, or we should have had some strange revelations of his opinions of his friends. And Scott's diary was abundantly pruned by his son-in-law, Lockhart, before he gave it to the world. The rest, however, was not burned, but is still in existence, and may soon be served up for a generation to whom the people so candidly described are merely names. What we have of Scott's diary is charming. One recalls how he wrote on the first page—

As I walked by myself
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.

And the spirit of these lines runs through it all. It is pleasantly chatty and conversational. But, besides these gossiping diaries, there are the diaries of introspecton. Best of all are those of Senancour and Amiel. Amiel's "Journal" has been translated into English by Mrs. Humphrey Ward (published by Macmillan), and I could wish that half the people who have read "Robert Elsmere" had read this interesting study of a gifted man.

"Atlantis, and Other Poems."

Almost everyone writes poetry now-a-days, and I suppose that nine out of ten men of one's acquaintance have perpetrated verses now and again—although few have had the daring to publish them. But the few bid every year to become an increasing number; at least, so I am almost persuaded by the many volumes of poems which are constantly coming to me. There are some beautiful things in a volume by Miss Emily Hickey, entitled "Verse-Tales and Translations" (published by Arnold, of Liverpool), and the "get-up" of the book is quite exceptionally attractive. Then, in "Afterthoughts," by Joseph Truman (Macmillan), there are many lines which, for chaste thoughtfulness, might almost have been written by Matthew Arnold. And, last of all, I have before me a volume by Horace G. Groser, "Atlantis, and Other Poems" (Hutchinson and Co.) Some of the verses are a little too suggestive of Tennyson, it may be said. But that is not a great fault. Some of Lord Tennyson's own early verse was a little too suggestive of Keats. These poems, which we may describe as Tennysonian, are very readable, which is more than can be said of a great deal of recent poetry. I have enjoyed reading Mr. Groser's poems very much. There is a healthy variety in such work as "The Chariot Race" and "The Renaissance." If I hesitate to say anything about Mr. Groser's possibilities as a poet, it is because I am fearful that the intellectual surroundings which could have inspired the sonnet on "The Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'" are scarcely those which can turn out the kind of poet of whom our catholic age is most in need.

TATLER.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

MAGGIE MACLIVER AND CAPTAIN TREGARVAS.

FUN AND FANCY.

WILKIE COLLINS.

While Arabs sat around,
And heard the Thousand Nights—
Beyond the limits close bound,
Beyond the watch-fire lights—
Their believing spirits flew
To a land where strange things seem
As simple things are true,
And the best truth is a dream.

And when the tale was told—
Genie and Princess fair
Brought to an end—their gold
They sought, with an absent air:
And dropped it at His feet
Who had led to the land of Delight:
And, dreaming of Princesses sweet,
They pass out into the night.

So, still under your spell,
Teller of magic tales,
These lines I would fain let tell
The debt whose payment fails.
Take them: if they were gold
'Twould but discharge a due—
And, for the tales you told,
I shall remember you.

[In quoting this just and generous tribute by an American poet to the genius of the great novelist whose last romance brightens our pages, we may especially recommend to the notice of our readers the Wilkie Collins Memorial Mr. Harry Quilter has had the public spirit to start. It is proposed to place a suitable monument of the distinguished novelist in St. Paul's Cathedral. There must be many thousands who would be willing to subscribe to so praiseworthy an object; and they may be glad to know that contributions for the fund are received by Mr. Harry Quilter, editor of the *Universal Review*, 5, Gray's Inn-square, W.C.—Ed. P.I.P.]

A SMART SON OF ST. CRISPIN.

YOUNG LADY: "A pair of twos, if you please."
Shoe Salesman (glancing at her foot): "You probably have not heard that twos are out of fashion. Mrs. Langtry wears a No. five, Mrs. Potter a five and a half, Mrs. Cleveland five, and Mary Anderson No. six.

"Indeed! Well, give me a pair of fives, then."

THE JUDGE'S TRADE.

"JUDGE LYNCH is not a real judge, is he?" asked Mrs. Fangle.

"No," replied her husband; "he's usually in the suspender business."

The Judge and the Sausages.—A pork-butcher named Tom Cant applied for his discharge at the Colchester Bankruptcy Court. The Judge, addressing the bankrupt, said, "Are you the person who sends me some sausages? You really must not do it. I am afraid you did it in view of the application. (Laughter.) I thought it was a parcel from a gentleman who sent me roses—(renewed laughter)—and when I found they were sausages I was obliged to take them because I did not know where to send them back. I must say they were extremely good; but you must not do it. You really must not."—*Colchester Paper.*

MODERN BRIBERY: OUR ARTIST POINTS THE MORAL OF THE COLCHESTER NATIVE.

HUMAN NATURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

STALWART PASSENGER: "Do you think there is any hope, captain?"

Indignant Skipper: "Look here, you big coward, that's the fourth time you've asked me. I believe you're the most thoroughly frightened man on the ship!"

Stalwart Passenger: "Sh-sh! No, I'm not. Do you see that old duffer over there by the rail? Well, that's my rich uncle. I've been more than attentive to him all my life, but if the ship's going down, I want time to get in just one good kick at him as an owner."

GOOD CAUSE, PERHAPS.

ROWNE DE BOUT: "Why did Bertie Smiley leave for Canada so suddenly?"

Hyand Lowe: "Some say he went for a change. I apprehend that he was apprehensive of being apprehended for the change he had taken, don't y' know!"

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Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen, gardeners, miners, navvies.

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THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill;
The sleepy pool, above the dam,
The pool beneath it, never still:

The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door,
Made dusty with the floating meal.—TENNYSON.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I broke up my little chat about talking last week in order to tell you what Lady Dilke said about the poor chain and nail makers of Cradley. But, in order to avoid monotony, I think this week of making a few remarks upon

Smiling.

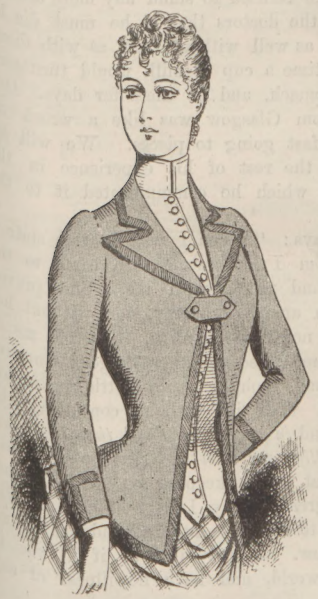
"What upon earth has that to do with us?" you say. It has everything to do. If you begin each day with a smiling, cheerful countenance you will find any work you may have to do considerably lightened, and your pleasure—I hope you all have some pleasure as well as work—very much increased. Once upon a time (I have to thank the Rev. Mr. Hardy for this and many other

Interesting Anecdotes)

a lady friend asked the celebrated mathematician, Mr. William Hutton, what she ought to do in order to keep her husband more at home, and to induce him to be more kind to her. "The remedy is the most simple in the world," he said, "but I never knew it to fail. Always meet and greet your husband with a smile." After the lapse of a few months she thanked her friend, and told him, with a smile, that his simple cure had worked well. I am afraid there are a great many women who are too miserly with their smiles at home. They can be agreeable enough to strangers, but to their husbands and children—good gracious, what sour looks they get! The morality of

Cheerfulness

has been very much on my mind since, two Sundays ago, I heard a very celebrated London clergyman preach on the subject. He said it was the duty of everyone to cultivate the faculty of cheerfulness, and that it was the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that moroseness and religion were the same. What is the use of being good if with your goodness you have a



A CHIC JERSEY FOR NOVEMBER.

cold, disagreeable manner? That was a sharp little child who one day asked his mother to what part of heaven the people went who were good but not agreeable. Always remember that even a plain face can be made attractive by a good-humoured expression; while a lovely one can be marred by ugly frowns and sulks. You may "paint your face and tire your head" like poor Jezebel in the Bible story (I am afraid her expression was not good); but if you look cross, and never smile, no one will care for you; and, along with your smiles and pleasant looks, you should learn to say kind and agreeable things to those with whom you come into contact. You will tell me that it is very hard to be agreeable to disagreeable people. So it is, but what thanks have we if we are nice only to those who are nice and pleasant to us? If a bore gets hold of you and begins to tell you a long-winded, tiresome story, listen to the best of your ability, and do not hurt his or her feelings by interrupting rudely. You will recover from the fatigue of listening, but the poor bore will not recover for months from the wound to his or her vanity. In a cemetery in New Zealand there is a gravestone, and after the name and age of the dead are these words:—

"She was so Pleasant."

What a delightful epitaph! "It makes one think," says Mr. Hardy, who tells the story, "that a choir of nightingales is perched upon her grave, and singing melodious chants to her memory." I think we may take for granted that the woman who was so pleasant had a sweet smile, a good temper, and a kind heart. The latter makes people not only sympathetic but polite. A celebrated Frenchman once defined a polite person thus: "He is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them." I wonder if you know all about

The Lady Guide Association?

Even if you do, you must be polite enough to listen while I tell you something about it. It has been established by a most energetic woman, Miss Edith Davis, in the face of obstacles that might well have daunted a less sanguine person. I have not space enough to quote at length from the little book wherein particulars of work undertaken by the association are set forth; but I strongly recommend any of you who are strong in health, fairly well educated (it will be all the better for you if you can speak French or German, or both), to apply to Miss E. Davis or Mrs. Hall, 16, Cockspur-street, S.W., for a little book which will give you all particulars. They are well worth knowing, and I believe the association will be the means of giving employment which not even a gently born woman need turn up her nose at. Ladies living in the country, who pay a guinea a year to the association, can have their

Shopping

done for them; and the same moderate subscription enables ladies who live in or come to London now and then, to make free use of the public waiting, reading, and writing rooms, and parcels are taken care of for one penny each, and shopping for members is done at two and a half per cent instead of four to non-members. Members, it may be well to add, have no liability beyond their subscription, and membership can be resigned upon giving three months' notice.

The Display of New Jerseys

this autumn is quite unique. They can be had to suit all purses and all tastes, and they have the advantage of being both pretty and economical. The *Lady's Pictorial* for Oct. 26 contains a full page of illustrations of the jerseys on view and sale at Mr. Tucker Widgery's, 81, Westbourne-grove. I have the pleasure of reproducing jersey No. 2 on this page. It can be had in a variety of colours, but looks best in black, over a tightly fitting vest of red. It fastens across the bust with a little strap. Another very smart jersey has a deep yoke of jet embroidery; below the yoke the bodice is pleated with a band, and held in place with a pretty jet buckle. Another most becoming pattern is shown in navy blue. It is made with a full front of silk to match and bordered on either side with revers of blue velvet. It is possible to get the prettiest of these new shapes in black, and, as they are now being made with what is called fleeced backs, they are quite warm enough for winter wear. There are very cheap and pretty cloaks in the shops now. I hope they have not been made for fivepence each by the poor women at the East-End. Heads of wholesale drapery firms posing as philanthropists ought assuredly to taboo "sweating," to grow rich on which shamefully mean system is quite as bad as slave-driving, if not worse. MARGUERITE.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
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LONDON RAMBLES.—No. IV.

THE TEMPLE (*Continued*).

Mark Twain just now is writing a story in one of the monthly magazines about a very modern American who strays into King Arthur's Court. But is it not far more impossible to fancy

A Knight Templar

wandering by chance into the Temple which was once his own sanctuary? Realise, if you can, what it means to suddenly step from the century of the Temple Church to the century of the Thames Embankment, and then you will form some slight idea of the bewilderment of one of the Templars at rest in that little church if he could rise from the tomb where, in stone, he lies in his armour, one foot crossed over the other, and stroll about in the inclosure once so familiar to him.

Would it not be as strange to him as the Round Table and Camelot to the nineteenth-century American? Even

The Temple Church,

the building of which he himself superintended, would sorely puzzle him. He would know, and yet he would not know it. Surely this is the same portal with the beautiful Norman-arch and richly decorated columns and capitals by which he used to enter, and within are the tombs of his brothers at arms and prayers whom he perhaps helped to bury. But why has the whole building sunk so low below the level of the ground without? and what are all these houses overlooking it? and what this ornament, this architectural vagary, which the verger might, perhaps, as he showed him his own church, tell him was "modern restoration"? And in days of old—the days he knew—when pilgrims visited the holy place, it was to pray or to do penance: now they come

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THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

in greater crowds to stare about them and give sixpence to the verger instead of treasure to shrine and tabernacle, or to listen to the singing which he would hear them tell each other is the best in London!

Quiet of the Cloisters and Stir of Fleet-street.

And the buildings that seem so old to us would be new to him—the Hall, and even the Cloisters and Lamb Building and Brick-court. Architects to whom he was so good a patron never planned such windows and such doorways. And what would he make of Fleet-street? Often had he passed in and out, often had he lingered at the gateway—neither of those which stand there now: they, too, are strange to him—but did he ever see sights as wonderful as the constant crowd that now daily passes, the lumbering omnibuses and swift hansoms, the heavy drays and noiseless bicycles, the large army of City clerks, and the bewigged and begowned barristers rushing from his old sacred inclosure to the great building opposite, the sandwich men, and the small boys shrieking, "Winner! Winner! Captain Coe's finals"? Not even the East, whither he went to lay down his life for his Lord and Saviour, held such wonders for him.

The River Thames.

And the river would be as strange to him. It flowed past the Temple in his time: it is the same river, and yet, how transformed are its shores, with the broad Embankment, from which Cleopatra's Needle rises—not into the beautiful blue air it was meant to grace, but into heavy greyness, and under which the Underground trains rumble all day long! Opposite, tall, ugly chimneys send up clouds of black smoke to the cloud- and fog-shrouded heavens; and up and down the familiar waters boats ply, carrying more chimneys, as ugly but less tall, shrieking and pouring forth volumes of smoke as they pass. And he would turn, with the wonder still on his face, to

The Temple Gardens,

where began the brawl which, grown into a faction, sent

> Between the red rose and the white
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night:

but of this our Templar would know nothing, nor of England's great poet who told its story in the lines which will live for ever. Can you imagine him strolling in to see

The Chrysanthemums,

which are now in all their glory? or can you picture him watching the manœuvres of the men in tail-coats and tall hats (the Devil's Own Volunteers in mufti) who drill of an afternoon on the green? Could there ever be anything in common between the men who dress

THE CLOISTERS, INNER TEMPLE.

like that and those who were incased in armour from head to foot?

But a still greater marvel would await him. He would find the whole place haunted—

"The Haunted Precinct,"

Mr. Ashby-Sterry calls it. Not that this in itself would be for our Templar much of a marvel. When he lived, men were used to ghosts and spirits and demons. The boundary line between this world and the world beyond was not so accurately defined. He would not be surprised to meet ghosts wandering with him: that which would surprise him is the fact that he would recognise them no better than the crowds of living men hurrying along Fleet-street, living in the Temple chambers, or crowding the penny steam-boats. The long procession of ghosts who have visited and are for ever visiting the modern Templar might pass by, and not one real Templar would he discover among them—no, not even one! And yet what ghosts have a better right to the old courts and gardens than those of the men but for whom the Temple would never have been?

But the truth is, the Templars are forgotten. We do not care a rap to see their ghosts; if they tried to show themselves, we would dismiss them without ado. Now-a-days we are haunted only by

The Ghosts We Love.

When we are in Brick-court, it is the friendly little Doctor who used to brew such good punch and sing such jolly songs, in Number Two, we want to meet. And in Inner Temple-lane—you know it? It "looks out upon a gloomy churchyard-like court, called Hare-court, with three trees and a pump in it"—would we not send flying about their business all ghosts save those of the little man in black with the bright eyes and familiar stammer and his many friends? and of the big slovenly Doctor, in the shabby wig and coat, and his friends? And in Lamb-court, would you let any old Templar take the place of

Arthur Pendennis

and Warrington? There are so very many we do love that we cannot be bothered with those others, though their age may be so much more venerable. For my part, I am very grateful to the Knights Templars for the church and its fine doorway, but what did they ever do to make me care to meet them on this earth? They had none of the kindly humanity of the men who came after them and who are our friends.

THE RAMBLER.

GARDENING IN SEASON

The Chrysanthemum,

if not exactly the "last rose of summer," is, at any rate, the last flower of the season; and when we see the plants in full bloom, as they are now for the most part, and the various exhibitions of this popular flower either already open or rapidly approaching, we may be sure that the season is over, and the year drawing fast to its close. The celebrated

Temple Show

is now open, and the plants at their best, or nearly so, and is visited by hundreds daily. There is not another flower in cultivation that could be grown to such perfection in an atmosphere like that of the City; and this fact leads me to remark that those who live in large towns or thickly populated suburbs, and find the smoke and fog too much for their roses—and I suppose everyone knows that the queen of flowers cannot flourish, and, indeed, can hardly exist, in a smoke-laden atmosphere—may find a charming substitute in the chrysanthemum, which will grow, flourish, and bloom profusely almost anywhere, if only supplied with enough of water and manure. But admirers of this flower should go to

Finsbury Park,

where they will find it grown—and grown largely—to greater perfection than anywhere else in or so near London, as far as I am aware.

The fine large-flowered varieties seldom do any good when grown in the open air, because the flowers either get spoiled by rain, dirt, or fog, or are cut off altogether by frost, before they can expand properly; but those who have no glasshouse to bloom the late kinds in may secure very nice flowers by growing them

Against a Sunny Wall,

training and nailing the shoots like a creeper, and, if protected from the effects of rain and frost by a coping fixed along the top of the wall above them—a nine-inch board secured by means of iron or wooden brackets, and sloping slightly downwards towards the front, will do capitally—they will generally open beautifully. I have seen fine flowers in November when managed thus, with perhaps some mats or old sacks hung in front of the plants if a sharp frost occurs.

Fruit Garden.

There is quite a crusade now going on against the practice of grafting in the horticultural world, and, useful and even indispensable as it undoubtedly is, the system has certainly been carried to excess. Some things must be grafted, but wherever they can be grown, fruit-trees on their own roots possess many advantages. Some plums, damsons, and other stone fruits may be grown successfully from seed without grafting; but the rest, including apples and pears, if not grafted on some suitable stock, must either be raised from cuttings, or increased by means of layers—a slow and somewhat uncertain process at the best. However, some kinds of

Apples

succeed very well when grown from cuttings, among them being most of the codlin class, the oslin or mother apple, and others. Healthy branches of moderate size should be sawn off at the present time, making the cut just below a joint or junction, the base trimmed smooth, and the whole be inserted firmly in a rather shady border of moist soil. Here roots will be formed sooner or later, and the branch become an established tree.

Vegetable Garden.

Trenching should be proceeded with at every favourable opportunity now. Nothing benefits the soil more than being thrown up in rough lumps, and thus exposed to frost and snow for the winter. At the same time the drainage should be seen to.

Winter Salading,

such as lettuce, endive, mustard and cress, and so forth, must receive special attention. For all work of this kind low pits or frames, slightly heated, are invaluable. Seed of hardy sorts of lettuce, for planting out in February, must be sown in a frame at once, if not already done. Mushroom-beds for succession may still be made up; keep those in bearing warm and dry, but maintain a genial atmosphere in the house or shed.

I have to inform my readers that, during the winter season, I shall only be able to have a talk with them about our gardens once a month, instead of once a week, as hitherto; and that the article will appear in the *first* issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* in each month.

B. C. R.

TEN MONTHS' SUFFERING IN A HOSPITAL.

THERE is an old saying that physicians are a class of men who pour drugs, of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less. This is both true and untrue at the same time. There are good and poor lawyers, and good and poor doctors. The trouble with these medical gentlemen as a profession is that they are clannish, and apt to be conceited. They don't like to be beaten at their own trade by outsiders who have never studied medicine. They therefore pay, by their frequent failures, the penalty of refusing instruction unless the teacher bears their own "Hall Mark."

An eminent physician—Dr. Brown-Séquard of Paris—states the fact accurately when he says: "The medical profession are so bound up in their self-confidence and conceit that they allow the diamond truths of science to be picked up by persons entirely outside their ranks." We give a most interesting incident, which illustrates this important truth.

The steam-ship Concordia, of the Donaldson Line, sailed from Glasgow for Baltimore in 1887, having on board as a fireman a man named Richard Wade, of Glasgow. He had been a fireman for fourteen years on various ships sailing to America, China, and India. He had borne the hard and exhausting labour, and had been healthy and strong. On the trip we now name he began for the first time to feel weak and ill. His appetite failed, and he suffered from drowsiness, heartburn, a bad taste in the mouth, and costiveness and irregularity of the bowels. Sometimes when at work he had attacks of giddiness, but supposed it to be caused by the heat of the fire-room. Quite often he was sick and felt like vomiting, and had some pain in the head. Later during the passage he grew worse, and when the ship reached Halifax he was placed in the Victoria General Hospital, and the ship sailed away without him. The house-surgeon gave him some powders to stop the vomiting, and the next day the visiting physician gave him a mixture to take every four hours. Within two days Wade was so much worse that the doctors stopped both the powders and the mixture. A month passed, the poor fireman getting worse and worse.

Then came another doctor, who was to be visiting physician for the next five months. He gave other medicines, but not much relief. Nearly all that time Wade suffered great torture; he digested nothing, throwing up all he ate. There was terrible pain in the bowels, burning heat in the throat, heartburn, and racking headache. The patient was now taking a mixture every four hours, powders one after each meal to digest the food, operating pills one every night, and temperature pills two each night to stop the cold sweats. If drugs could cure him at all, Richard had an idea that he took enough to do it. But, on the other hand, pleurisy set in, and *the doctors took ninety ounces of matter from his right side*, and then told him he was sure to die. Five months more rolled by, and there was another change of visiting physicians. The new one gave Wade a mixture which he said *made him tremble like a leaf on a tree.*

At this crisis Wade's Scotch blood asserted itself. He refused to stand any more dosing, and told the doctors that if he must die he could die as well without them as with them. By this time a cup of milk would turn sour on his stomach, and lie there for days. Our friend from Glasgow was like a wreck on a shoal, fast going to pieces. We will let him tell the rest of his experience in the words in which he communicated it to the press.

He says: "When I was in this state a lady whom I had never seen came to the hospital and talked with me. She proved to be an angel of mercy, for without her I should not now be alive. She told me of a medicine called 'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,' and brought me a bottle next day. I started with it, without consulting the doctors, and *in only a few days' time I was out of bed calling for ham and eggs for breakfast.* From that time, keeping on with Mother Seigel's great remedy, I got well fast, and was soon able to leave the hospital and come home to Glasgow. I now feel as if I was in another world, and have no illness of any kind."

The above facts are calmly and impartially stated, and the reader may draw his own conclusion. We deem it best to use no names, although Mr. Wade gave them in his original deposition. His address is No. 244, Stobcross-street, Glasgow, where letters will reach him.

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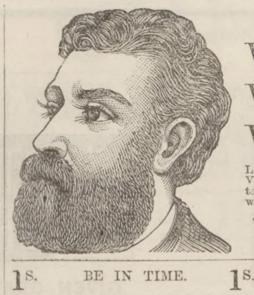

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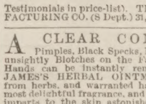

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